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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

DORCAS THE DAUGHTER OF FAUSTINA. By the author
of "Arius the Libyan." Illustrated.

A CHAPTER ON CAVE-DWELLERS. By H. C. McCook. Illus.

NOTES ON SCHOOLS AND
POLITICIANS.

By A. W. Tourgée.

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DORCAS, THE DAUGHTER OF FAUSTINA.

BY NATHAN BEN NATHAN, AN ESSENEAN,
(AUTHOR OF "ARIUS THE LIBYAN.")

PREFACE.

IN the Catacombs of Rome is an ancient tomb wherein repose the mortal remains of some Christian martyr. A slab of white marble closes the little crypt cut out of the rock to be her sarcophagus, and upon this slab a careful, but unskilled hand hath cut an inscription that readeth after the fashion, shown at the beginning hereof; the English of which is "Here lies Faustina. In peace." The name is Latin, the inscription is in the Greek tongue, the word Shalom or "Peace" is in Hebrew. The character in the lower middle portion of the slab indicates that she died a martyr to her faith, and the urn at the left is a symbol of Christian burial. Who was she? How died she? When?

Musing alone beside this last resting-place of one who died for Jesus centuries ago, my lamp flickered and expired; and then in the subterranean darkness of the catacombs the dead forms around me seemed to live again, re-people the past in which they lived, and loved, and suffered, and what I beheld, as in a vision, I seek now to reproduce in this story of ANTI-CHRIST. Those of whom I learned it knew whereof they spoke, and the reader may rely upon the verity of all things that are set forth as facts.

CHAPTER I.

DORCAS, THE DAUGHTER OF FAUSTINA.

IN the year 310, a villa stood upon the Appian Way in the suburbs of the City of Rome, which had been builded in the usual fashion of the better class of Roman houses of that period, and was owned and occupied by the Vice-Prefect Varus, whose command constituted a portion of the city guards, and was usually stationed near the Campus Martius. This man, a relative of that Varus who had been terribly defeated by the German barbarians in the forest of Teutoberg, in the days when Tiberius was emperor, and had fallen upon his own sword and died because of his mortification over that defeat, was a perfect type of the Roman officer, devoted to military life, thoroughly trained to his inhuman profession, and incapable of judging of the right or wrong of anything unless some military order or custom had first decided it. In other words, he knew no sense of duty except to conform to military usages, and obey such orders as he might receive from his superiors; yet he was not narrow-minded, weak nor ignorant. He was, indeed, a man of large intelligence and of considerable literary attainments. He had served for many years in Italy and in foreign lands, and being beyond



the meridian of life and somewhat disabled by honorable wounds, he had obtained a lucrative position in the regions stationed about the city, the duties of which were so slight that he passed the greater portion of his time at the villa with his wife Calpha, his son Marcus and the throng of domestic slaves usually found about an opulent Roman's house.

The house of Varus stood back a short distance from the splendid highway, and was surrounded by extensive grounds laid off in circles, rectangles and irregular forms, bordered with shrubs and flowers and cultivated in vineyards, orchards and gardens. Here and there amid the foliage of the trees gleamed numerous marble statues, the lovely Venus, the reeling Bacchus, the sovereign Jupiter, Silence, with marble finger on his marble lips and numerous other deities.

The son of Varus was the model of a Roman youth, tall, agile, athletic and almost singularly handsome. In a short time he would be of age, and through his father's influence he had already obtained an appointment as centurion to take effect upon the day that he should "burn his beard" and assume the virile toga.

The Vice-Prefect sat in the shade one day in front of his open portico, tracing words and figures with the point of his sword in the sand and gravel of the broad walk leading from the house to the highway, when up from the marble stile upon the road a tall and swarthy man approached, leading a young girl by the hand. So preoccupied was Varus that he did not notice their coming until the tall man's shadow fell upon the figure he was making in the sand, and upon raising his head to see whom his visitors might be, received a respectful salute, and the man said in the Greek language, then much used at Rome:

"Art thou the Vice-Prefect Varus?"

"Yea," answered Varus, "who art thou?"

"I am Epaphras, an Israelite, and the maiden is Dorcas, the daughter of Faustina, whom I have brought to thee because I heard in the city that thou desirest to employ a damsel who can read and speak the Greek and the Latin, and is not wholly uninstructed in the Hebrew tongue."

"Yea, yea!" cried the Vice-Prefect, his bronzed face lighting up with pleasure, "I greatly desire to hire such a girl, and will pay liberally for her services. We have four millions of people in holy Rome, and the greater part of them are slaves, yet is it difficult to obtain a slave fit for the duties I wish done, the few of them who are sufficiently educated being kept by the senators and patricians in the city. But this girl is almost a child: can she write as well as speak the Greek and the Latin?"

"Yea, verily," Epaphras said; "for the maiden is fifteen years of age, and hardly knoweth which may be her native tongue, as she hath been accustomed to use them both alike from her very childhood."

"Then I shall mark this as a lucky day," said Varus, "for my sight faileth me so that I read with difficulty, and it is a dreary thing to stay all day at home listening to the silly chattering of Calpha and her women. Name the price, Jew, and believe thou that the girl hath

found a friend indeed if she can read and write as thou sayest."

"The price of her services," said Epaphras, "is a secondary consideration, and may safely be left to thy liberality; but thou art an honorable Roman, and before I commit the maiden to thy care, there are certain conditions for the performance of which thou must pledge me thy word."

Then the brows of Varus contracted impatiently, and he sharply answered:

"Surely no Roman hath ever bargained with a Jew but that he is bound by some unreasonable conditions. But what are thine?"

"Naught unreasonable, I hope," replied Epaphras. "The maiden is not a slave, but is free-born, and the conditions are only that she shall not be questioned nor argued with concerning our religion; only that she shall have the Seventh day for her own, without let or hindrance; only that she shall not be required to obey any orders save thine own and those of thy wife."

"These are but just and reasonable conditions," said Varus, "and I give thee my sacred word that they shall be faithfully observed. Of course, no sensible Roman ever expects a Jew to abandon the severe and inhuman tenets of his religion, or to permit his children to do so, in order to learn the more reasonable and delightful worship of the gods of Rome; but I chiefly desire the girl to read and write for me, and if she should sometimes bring a small amphora from the cellar and serve me with a little wine, that is the only other duty I shall require of her."

"Then I do place her under thy protection, and will take my leave."

"But where and when wilt thou collect her wages?" said Varus.

"Give unto her weekly whatever thou wilt," said Epaphras. "A good home with reputable people, and kind treatment, is more to the maiden and to me than wages, although we are but poor."

"And wilt thou trust a child with money?" asked Varus.

"Yea," replied Epaphras, his dark face flushing vividly, "I would trust this child with uncounted money—with my life, if need be. If she do ever steal from thee, if she do ever lie to thee, if thou findest her in anything lacking truth, integrity and modesty, take out thine anger upon me with sword or stave, or what thou wilt!"

"What is thy name, child?" asked Varus.

"Dorcas, the daughter of Faustina," answered she.

"If thou dost merit the confidence and praise this Israelite bestows upon thee, Dorcas, count it a happy day which brought thee to my house." Then, turning to Epaphras, he said, "Farewell."

And Epaphras, with a low bow, said, "Farewell, Vice-Prefect!" But ere he turned away Epaphras clasped the hand of Dorcas, kissed her fair white brow, and, with a glance of unutterable tenderness, whispered, "The Lord preserve thee, child!" to which, in a like subdued tone, she answered, "And thee, also, father."

Then saying, "Follow me," Varus led Dorcas into



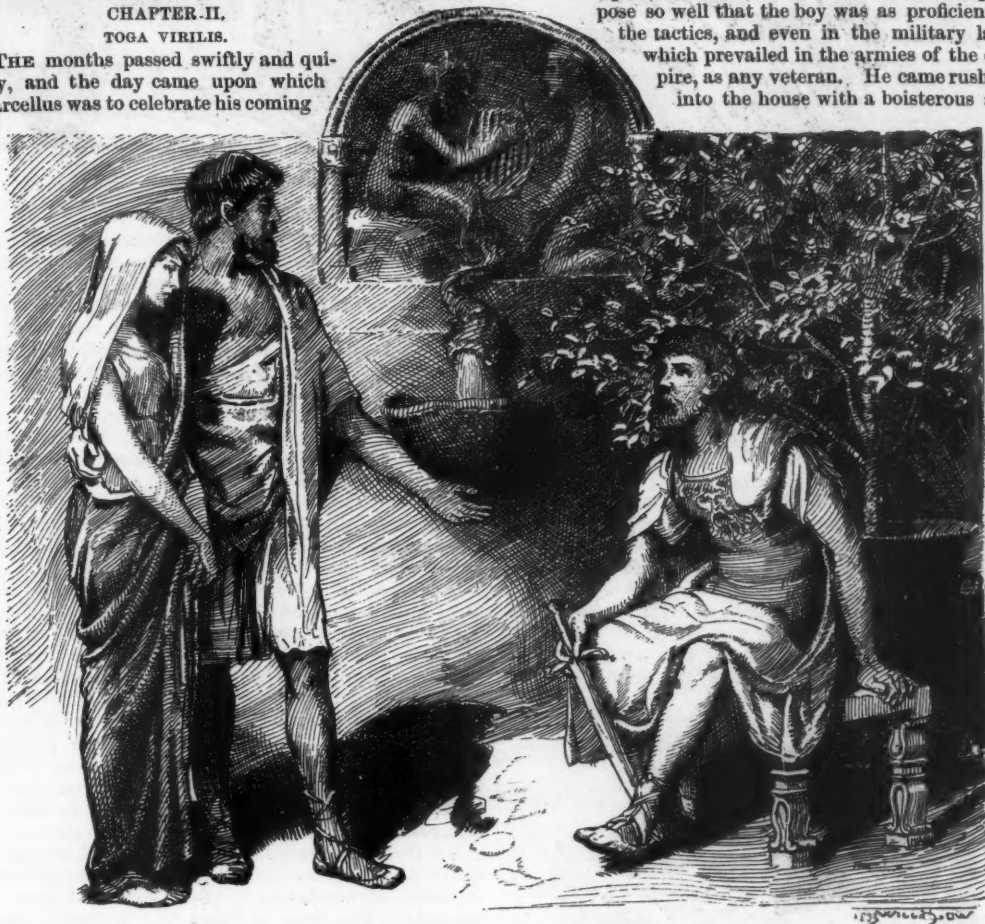
the atrium, or central hall, into which the numerous rooms of the house all opened, and thence into a small room on the left, which he called his library; and seating himself comfortably, he placed in her hands some leaves of the *Anabasis*, saying, "Be thou seated, and read this for me."

And thus was Dorcas installed in her humble but pleasant position in the villa of the Vice-Prefect Varus.

CHAPTER II. TOGA VIRILIS.

THE months passed swiftly and quietly, and the day came upon which Marcellus was to celebrate his coming

swinging up the broad gravel walk with that swift, martial tread which the thorough military training that his father had given to him seemed to have made his natural gait; for, careless about many things, the Vice-Prefect had insisted, with steady and inflexible determination, that the boy must be a thorough soldier, and had never permitted any excuses to avail for evading daily military exercises; and, indeed, the youth's martial spirit had seconded his father's settled purpose so well that the boy was as proficient in the tactics, and even in the military laws which prevailed in the armies of the empire, as any veteran. He came rushing into the house with a boisterous and



A TALL AND SWARTHY MAN APPROACHED, LEADING A YOUNG GIRL BY THE HAND.

of age, after the manner of the golden youth of Rome; and, although he had been sending messages to his mother and orders to the slaves for days before, on the morning of the eventful day he came on horseback to the villa to see for himself that the preparations for the revel were properly made, and to report that the sooth-sayers had announced that all omens and auguries were auspicious for celebrating an event so important in the life of a young gentleman of the Imperial City. The young man leaped from his horse at the stile in front of the house, and left the beast as if he knew there must be some one there to take charge of him, some one of the slaves to whom the benevolent gods of Rome had given life only that they might minister to the conveniences, passions and pleasures of those upper classes for whom the world was made. The young man came

half-boyish good humor and impatience, nodded courteously to his mother, Calpha, kissed some of the slave-girls in her presence, and hugged and touselled others until they ran off screaming and laughing, to avoid the embraces of the romping youth, and then began to make minute and rapid inquiries after almost every item of the preparations in progress for the coming feasts, and especially as to the quality of snow which had been brought from Mount Soracte, and as to the particular amphoras of wine that had been packed away in it.

During the few months she had been at the villa Dorcas had so greatly pleased the Vice-Prefect by her reading and writing, and by her pleasant but always cautious conversation, that he felt the girl to be indispensable to his comfort, and never permitted anything



THE BIRTH-DAY FEAST.

to interfere with the services she was accustomed to render him. But whenever any duty of his official position required his presence in the city she was left very much to her own devices and inclinations; and generally she went into the atrium and volunteered to aid Calpha and the slaves in the preparation or spinning of wool and flax, in preserving various fruits, and in other domestic operations; and she was always so quiet, cheerful and neat that her aid was exceedingly acceptable. But both Calpha and the slaves observed that whenever their talk drifted into the licentiousness and immodesty which were common in the gossipings of all Roman women, high and low, the girl at once became silent, her sweet young face grew very grave, and if it were at all convenient to leave the atrium she would do so immediately; but her uniform kindness to all of them prevented them from resenting her manifest loathing of subjects which always formed the staple of their talk, and the tenderness and reverence which were constantly manifest in her deportment toward Calpha, the wife of Varus, the mother of Mar-



cellus, the mistress of these slaves, was a thing so new and pleasant to that most reputable matron that she wondered how and where the girl had acquired manners that seemed naturally to exhibit a degree of respect for herself which no Roman mother ever expected or received from her own daughters—a reverence that was not based upon fear, like that of her domestics, but that seemed to be spontaneous, loving and sincere.

Indeed, while the Vice-Prefect Varus was a better husband, a better father, a better master, and, in almost every respect, a better man than any other Roman of

his rank and wealth, Dorcas had dwelt at the villa but a short time before she perceived, young as she was, that under the social and political system of the empire the wives of even the most reputable Romans were only a better sort of slaves, in spite of the vain shadow of respect which the law threw over them. Calpha, in every respect a very worthy and sensible woman, stood somewhat higher in the estimation of her husband and son (themselves most excellent Romans) than would a mare that had been dam to a very fine colt, or a slave that had chanced to render some extraordinary service. The single advantage that the wife had over the other domestics consisted in the fact that her legal relation to the master of the house made her offspring legitimate, and also gave her power to control her husband's other slaves.

Not knowing that the young man had come home, Dorcas went into the atrium, as usual, to offer such aid as she might be able to render in the doing of their domestic tasks; and Marcellus no sooner saw her than, gazing upon her with undisguised admiration, he cried aloud: "Dioscuri! but the Vice-Prefect hath shown marvelous good taste in the purchase of such a new slave as that! And do thou remember, girl, that to prevent any growth of jealousy upon the part of Calpha against my most reputable father, from this day I claim thee for mine own." Then, darting forward, he seized her hand in one of his own, and catching her about the waist, with the other, he kissed her before she could break from his grasp, while he rattled away in praise of her beauty: "By Aphrodite! thou art beautiful! Thy brow is fairer than a marble god's! Thine eyes are bluer and deeper than the summer sky! Thy lips are redder than the scarlet cherries! Thy cheeks are pinker than the sea shell's delicate bloom!" But before the delighted and laughing youth had finished his panegyric Dorcas had glided out of his embrace, and sprang away behind his mother's chair, and stood there gazing, flushed and indignant, upon the handsome youth, but silent still. "Come thou hither," said Marcellus, "for thou shalt be fast friend with me. By foam-born Venus, no other Roman hath so beautiful a slave, and thou shalt be my pet and favorite henceforth! Come hither, girl!"

But Dorcas raised her queenly little head, and, gazing with quiet self-possession into the young man's eager face, in low and modulated tones as sweet as flute-notes, answered thus: "Thou art greatly mistaken, centurion, for I am not a slave, but born as free as thou art; and I hope that thy conduct, which seemeth to have grown out of this mistake, will never be repeated."

"What, then, art thou doing here?" asked Marcellus.

"I serve the Vice-Prefect, Varus, upon a contract, one condition of which is that I am subject to the orders of no one in his house except his own and those of thy mother, Calpha!"

"Then thou, Calpha, command this beautiful hireling that she come hither and make friends with me."

"Nay!" said Calpha. "I will in no wise interfere with thy father's wishes, by which the maiden is to be free of all control; for he is marvelously attached to Dorcas. And besides," she continued with a sly smile, "to me it seemeth that one of the handsomest youths in holy Rome should scorn to implore his mother's help to win the damsel's favor!"

"I will not do so," said Marcellus; "but by the

Marcellus, with libations to the Lares and Penates, the household gods of Rome, with other libations and offerings to Venus and to Mars, and with strange ceremonies which the later Romans had learned of Egypt, in honor of Anubis, Astarte, and Cybele!

Then the banquet began, in which the young men, reclined around the table spread in the great hall, tasted delicacies which were of themselves enough to prove that almost every clime and people under heaven paid tribute to the luxury as well as the power of Rome. Each separate course of the feast was followed or accompanied by liberal draughts of different wines, and the girls who reclined with the young gentlemen at table (a privilege from which their own sisters, and all matrons, were jealously excluded by Roman customs) were not behind their masculine associates in eating or in drinking, or



"COME HITHER, GIRL!"

gods of Rome, I will have her, and win her for myself, too! For there is no girl of her class in the Imperial city that would hesitate to put all her wages into an offering to Venus to gain so much of my praise and admiration as thou dost scornfully reject." But Dorcas had quietly left the room, nor did Marcellus see her again that day, although he was here, there and everywhere, bustling around and meddling with the arrangements for the coming feast, now and then exhibiting toward the young female slaves a tactual familiarity and kindness which showed that his boast of being a favorite was no extravagance, and which, alas! also showed that the sacred delicacy which belong to womanhood were unknown and unrecognized even in a household so very respectable as that of the Vice-Prefect.

About nightfall the young friends of the centurion began to arrive, and many of them were accompanied by favorite slaves or other feminine friends. Soon the customary rites began with the burning of the beard of

in wit and ribaldry. Hour after hour the feast continued, the wine circulated more and more freely, the jest became broader, the conversation louder and more unrestrained, and the song and glance more reckless, until far into the night, both sexes seemed to have reached the last stages of inebriety and indecency; and some of them were still lying around the tables in the hall, some had wandered out into the surrounding grounds, and, here and there, upon the rustic benches or the pleasanter couch of grass, slept off the wild debauch. It was a drunken revelry that would have disgraced a Roman in the earlier and better days of Rome, but which at that era was the universal custom among the wealthy classes, not supposed to merit censure at all, and which was regarded as the usual and proper thing by the Vice-Prefect and his wife, whose only concern was to see that the wants of the guests were properly supplied, and that any approach to quarreling was promptly checked before it could

assume the features of a brawl. It was a fair index to the state of private morals throughout the empire, and especially at Rome. These young men were not lost to the sense of shame that in a better age would necessarily have sprung from such luxurious and unmanly excesses because they were bad men or worse than other Romans of their class, but they were entirely devoid of any sense of shame because they did not know that there was anything in these customs and

which Varus called his library, and repeated, half in reverie, in the splendid language of the Greeks, words that seemed to be practically illustrated by the scenes she had just witnessed :

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, idolatry, drunkenness, revelings and such like; of which I tell you before, as I have also told you in times past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy,



"BE THOU SEATED, AND READ THIS FOR ME."

conduct of which to be ashamed. They were only acting in accordance with the teachings of their age and country, and saw nothing disreputable to their own characters, or unacceptable to the gods, in any feature of their revelry.

Dorcas had declined the request of Calpha that she would remain in the atrium, but, seated at one of the small windows characteristic of Roman architecture at the far end of one of the little rooms which opened into the hall, herself in darkness almost, she gazed with vivid interest into the illuminated room, watching the rites and subsequent revelry, until, with burning cheek and eye, she slipped out of the window quietly and sought the solitude of her own chamber, adjoining that

peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts!"

But continued she, musingly, "The centurion is so young, so handsome, so full of life, and joy, and kindness, and he knows no better than he does!"

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH DORCAS ASKETH QUESTIONS.

THE next morning, at a late hour, the revelers whom choice had detained at the villa, and those whom vinous excesses had rendered incapable of making their way back to the city, after certain matutinal libations

to the gods and a generous breakfast, took their departure. And Marcellus, also, went to take formal command of his century which his father had obtained for him, and had selected beforehand. For some days he did not return to the villa, but Dorcas learned, from daily conversations in the family, that the young centurion was pursuing a round of dissipations among his friends, some of whom were already, and some of whom were expecting to be, admitted into the military service of the empire about the same period. She remarked with astonishment the fact that while Varus was himself the bearer of nearly all the information the family received concerning Marcellus, and was informed of all the incidents of the feasts and debaucheries in which that gallant young gentleman participated, neither he nor Calpha ever uttered a word of censure or of anxiety, but did use many expressions which indicated their opinion to be that the dissipations constantly referred to were all right and proper enough in a young man, entirely consonant with the customs and usages of Roman social life, and with the religious ideas of paganism.

The Vice-Prefect was so much gratified with the manner in which his young scribe and reader performed the tasks required of her, that he insensibly began to enlarge the sphere of her duties, so that, in place of confining her to the reading of such classics as belonged to him, and copying passages which pleased him out of those borrowed from acquaintances and friends, he began gradually to employ her quick intelligence and deft fingers in making copies of such reports connected with his official business as he deemed it to be necessary to make in duplicate. One day Varus laid before her the report of his criminal jurisdiction for the preceding month, setting forth that he had ordered the execution or other punishment of certain malefactors who had been tried and condemned by the magistrates and transferred to him for punishment. In transcribing this report she came upon the following sentence:

"Besides these cases of ordinary crime, I had before me seven wretches accused of the crime of being Christians. Two of them, who had remained silent when interrogated in sight of the implements of torture, confessed their guilt, and sacrificed to Jupiter, and were thereupon discharged. Three of them, who remained obstinately silent, I had flogged soundly and banished them out of thy dominions. Two of them, who insolently boasted of their devotion to that malignant superstition, and ridiculed the gods of Rome, I ordered to be immediately beheaded."

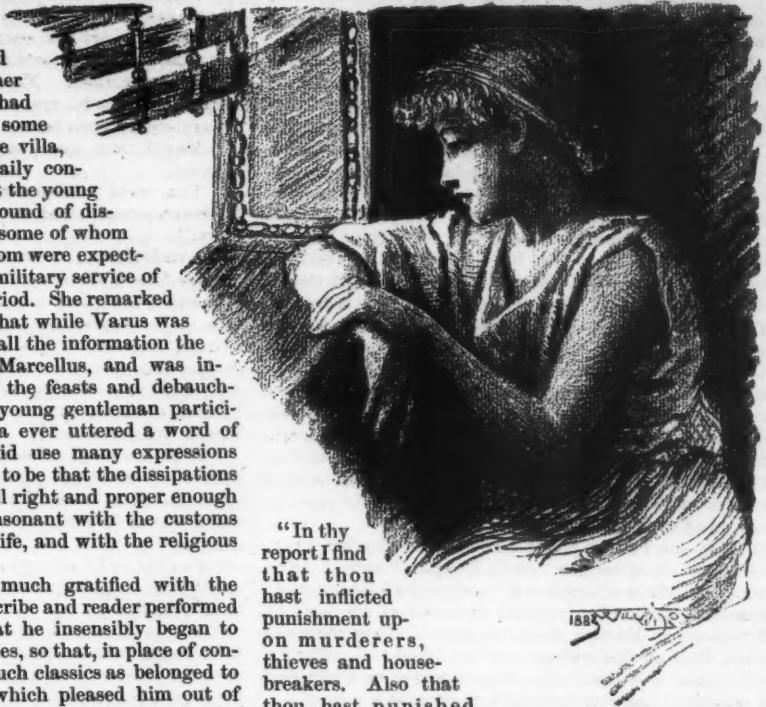
When the young girl read this statement in the official report, she turned pale and trembled so that her fingers refused to perform their office, and the cessation of her work caught the attention of the Vice-Prefect, who was looking on admiring the ease and elegance with which she wrote.

"What aileth thee, Dorcas?" he said kindly. "Art thou ill, child? If so, defer thy task until to-morrow, and a good night's rest will restore thee."

But mastering her emotion by a resolute effort, she replied:

"Nay, Vice-Prefect! It hath passed me by already, and I will finish the work now."

After having done so, and finding that the Vice-Prefect seemed to be more inclined to conversation than to assigning her any other task, she said:



"In thy report I find that thou hast inflicted punishment upon murderers, thieves and house-breakers. Also that thou hast punished others who were not accused of such crimes, simply saying that they were charged with being Christians. Wilt thou tell me what crimes these persons had committed?"

"Why," said Varus, "they were members of that odious sect which follows Jesus Christ, whom the Procurator, Pontius Pilate, crucified at Jerusalem, in the days when the Emperor Tiberius ruled the world. A most pestilent superstition, which, in spite of the efforts of many pious emperors to suppress it, hath spread throughout the empire. But the most holy Emperor Maxentius hath seen the evil of any indulgence granted to this criminal association, and hath ordered that its members be punished wherever found, according to the edicts made by the Emperor Diocletian. But surely thou—a Jewess, must have heard of this Jesus!"

"Yea," answered Dorcas; "but thy report sheweth that these whom thou didst punish were called Christians, and I asked thee what crimes they were said to have committed?"

"None," said Varus, "except that they were Christians; that is the very worst of crimes."

"But if I do not weary thee," said Dorcas, "tell me whether it is the custom of the Romans to punish all who differ with them in religion?"

"Surely not," answered Varus; "Rome protects and welcomes all religions under heaven, and doth not even punish their own stubborn and presumptuous people, but permitteth the Jews to live in the city, although they refuse to sacrifice unto the gods of Rome."

"Why, then, is it esteemed so great a crime to profess the Christian faith?"

"Because," rejoined Varus, "this most odious superstition hath grown into a secret organization governed by extravagant laws contrary to the customs of our ancestors and inconsistent with the laws of the empire."

DORCAS GAZED WITH VIVID INTEREST INTO THE ILLUMINATED ROOM.

"Wilt thou inform me in what things they differ from the Roman laws—things of consequence enough to incur the displeasure of the Emperor?"

"Certainly, child, if thou seekest knowledge. In the first place, this most impious sect mock and deride the gods of Rome and every other nation, refusing to visit the temples or to sacrifice. This mere atheism of the Christians would not be esteemed a crime punishable by law; but this pernicious sect hath held and taught for three centuries that no man ought to bear arms even in defense of his country, and the acceptance of this pusillanimous dogma would destroy the legions and expose Rome and the empire to be plundered by the Barbarians. Of course the law does not and ought not to permit the existence of a sect which makes it a matter of religion to discourage enlistments and promote desertion."

"I can understand," replied Dorcas, "how it may be that a great and warlike people, as the Romans have always been, should seek to destroy a religion which opposes all wars, and forbids its followers to bear arms. Yet, Vice-Prefect, to an innocent and ignorant girl like me, it doth seem that thine own experience upon this point would lead thee to protect, rather than to punish, the Christians."

"How can that be possible?" asked Varus laughing.

"Thou art a soldier," said Dorcas, "and, I have heard, an officer of approved courage and experience, that hath borne the imperial standard at the head of thy cohorts in Europe, Asia and Africa. Dost thou not think, after all the wrong and bloodshed and suffering which thou must have seen, that it would be a blessing to mankind, and especially to the common people of the world, upon whom fall all the burdens and ills of war, if there should never be war again?"

"Yea," answered Varus, "a measureless blessing, truly! But that cannot be, child. There must be wars; and the nation that would preserve itself or govern others, must be first in war."

"Yet if thine account of the Christians be correct, all wars must cease if all men were to become Christians: and thou sayest this would be a universal blessing!"

"But the only road to peace lies through the fields of war: only conquest leads to peace," said the Vice-Prefect.

"Hast thou ever been engaged in any war in which the people on either side began the struggle? Or is it true, Vice-Prefect, that all the wars that afflict mankind grow out of the ambitions and crimes of rulers, and generally about things concerning which the common people know very little and care less?"

"That is true to a great extent; but it is true also that soldiers must fight for their standards, and the law cannot tolerate the doctrine of 'non-resistance' which these accursed Christians teach."

"Wilt thou inform me what else there may be in the teachings of this hated sect that is contrary to the laws and customs of Rome, beside their opposition to bearing arms?"

"One other thing in regard to which they despise our laws and customs and the practice of antiquity, is the fact that they make it religion to abolish slavery. They teach that no Christian can lawfully own a slave, and that if any slave becomes a Christian he should be set free; so that just as this abominable sect groweth, the number of freedmen steadily increaseth. This is another one of those 'extravagant laws and opinions' which the most holy Emperor Galerius denounces in his Edict of Toleration issued 'to reclaim the deluded Christians into the way of reason and of nature.'"

"I have had small opportunities to gain knowledge of all these matters," said Dorcas.

"And thou art the only maiden, or matron either, I have known that desired to gain knowledge of any matters of importance. The Roman women are satisfied with the shameful ignorance which maketh them but dreary companions for sensible men."

"May I then learn by asking thee?" said Dorcas blandly.

"Yea, child, I admire thee both because thou knowest much already, and because thou art eager to learn more."

"I understand," she said, "that Roman law and custom fosters slavery, and thou hast informed me that this hated Christian sect is, and has always been, settled in its opposition to slavery of any kind. I see clearly, therefore, why the Roman slave-owners seek to destroy a people who hold a religion that condemns the slave code in every line and section of it. But, Vice-Prefect, doth thy experience teach thee that slavery is a good thing in itself?"

"It hath always existed," replied Varus. "It is in accordance with 'the ancient laws and public discipline of the Romans,' and 'the religion and ceremonies instituted by our fathers,' and is 'the practice of antiquity' even as the most holy Emperor Galerius saith in the edict to which I have referred; and these Christians are impious in despising it and teaching that it is religion to abolish it."

"But is it a good thing, Vice-Prefect? Wouldst thou prefer to be a slave thyself? Is it good for any save the masters who are rich? Is it, in the long run, good even for them?"

"These are strange and perplexing questions, Dorcas, and I cannot rightly answer them at this time. Let it satisfy thee to know that slavery is the universal custom of all peoples in all ages, and it is impious and unholy in this Christian sect to oppose it."

"Are there other matters besides war and slavery in regard to which these Christians violate the laws and customs of the Romans?"

"Yea, many others," answered Varus, "one of the most important of which is that they teach as religion that all the laws and customs of Rome which legalize the superiority of one man, or class, above another, and which legalize the right to acquire, hold or transmit private property rights, are contrary to the will of Christ, and ought to be abolished. They teach community of property, and claim to have practiced this worst form of agrarianism for three hundred years—an abominable system which would destroy all property and subvert the empire and all government if it should be once adopted."

"Thou didst inform me, Vice-Prefect, that this sect, although punished and outlawed by many of the emperors, tolerated by but few, and protected by none, had spread throughout the empire. Tell me whether it hath prospered in property as well as in numbers?"

"Yea," answered Varus; "they hold all property in common: the individual can own nothing except his wearing apparel and daily supplies for himself and family; yet the Church (which is the name by which they designate their illegal and pernicious communities, each of which appears to be a distinct and independent democracy) are growing more and more wealthy everywhere."

"Doth it not seem to thee, Vice-Prefect, that if the Christian communities, by this democratic policy, have so prospered even in the face of the proscriptions written against them in the imperial law, that the same system

would secure the like prosperity for other people also? and that it would be good news to the poor if it were universally adopted?"

"Dorcas, thou art the strangest girl that I have ever seen. Thy questions open up continually new and marvelous views of things of which no Roman woman ever thinks at all, and thou art sometimes hard to answer." But at this moment Marcellus saluted his father from the open door, and exclaimed, in his usual musical, rollicking tone:

"May I come in, Vice-Prefect, and profit by this grand discussion upon laws, religion and statesmanship?"

"Come," said Varus; "and if thou wilt listen to this young girl thou wilt have much to think about. This is my son, the centurion, Marcellus, and this is Dorcas, my scribe and reader."

"All hail!" said Marcellus, with mock gravity. "Now let the fair Aspasia resume the broken lessons."

"I think," said Dorcas, rising, "that there would be far more profit if I go to aid thy mother with the work."

"Thou shalt remain, Dorcas," said Varus; and then turning to Marcellus he continued: "This Dorcas hath found, in transcribing some minutes of the criminal report, an entry of the punishment of certain malevolent and contumacious Christians, and hath inquired why the Roman laws afflict them; and upon being informed that it is because they teach a religion in opposition to war, slavery, social and political distinctions between men and classes of men, and all laws of private property, she hath suggested, even by her inquiries, whether war is not an evil thing and a curse to the world, and whether slavery is not an evil thing, and whether, if the Christians prosper by communism, even under the malediction of the laws, that system might not really be best for all men. What thinkest thou, centurion, of all these things?"

"I say that war is a glorious thing for all of the better classes; that slavery is necessary for their convenience, and that without offices, rank, privileges and private property, we would be no better than the plebians; and that, as to the common herd, it doth not matter a denarius to any sensible man whether war or slavery bless or curse them. That is the hard, commonsense, practical creed of the respectable classes in Rome, and I indorse it with all my soul."

And Varus, desirous of keeping the splendid youth near to himself, and willing to call out more of the girl's strange fancies, which amused and interested him, turned to her, saying:

"What answer has thou, Dorcas, for this declamation of the centurion?"

But Dorcas answered: "I have none, nor do I presume to dispute such matters either with thee or with him, although by thy permission I did ask thee certain questions."

"If thou art too modest to advance thine own opinions," laughed out Varus, "ask whatever thou desirest to know."

"Wilt thou inform me whether there are yet other laws and customs of the Romans to which this Christian sect maintains its obstinate opposition?"

"No others that now occur to me," answered Varus, "except such as thine own people refuse to obey. They deny the divinity of the gods, they scorn the idols, they refuse to adore the eikons, and refuse to sacrifice, or even to visit the temples. But the Jews are like them in all these respects."

"Art thou a Jewess, Dorcas?" inquired Marcellus.

The young woman made no answer, but turned with an appealing look to Varus, who thereupon spoke as follows:

"Centurion, I agreed with the Israelite Epaphras, who brought to me my incomparable secretary, that she should not be questioned concerning her religion, and thou must respect the terms of mine agreement, and allow thy question to remain unanswered."

"But," said Marcellus apologetically, "I did not intend to refer to her religion, but to nationality. Surely, with those wonderful blue eyes and her complexion fairer than a lily, our Dorcas can hardly be a Jewess by birth?"

"I think not," said Dorcas. "The excellent Epaphras, who hath been my guardian from mine infancy (for my parents died before I can remember them), hath told me that my mother was the daughter of a chieftain of the Cimbri, whose wife followed him to Rome when he was brought hither as a captive from the regions that border on the far North Sea."

The young centurion had all this time regarded Dorcas with looks of undisguised and ardent admiration, and when she ceased speaking he exclaimed: "Dioscuri! but I knew no Jewish blood could flow through the blue veins that show so beautifully beneath her snowy skin! Only the frozen North can yield these golden-haired and heaven-eyed maidens, fairer than marbles of Pentelicus!" Then, seeing that the girl was painfully embarrassed by his gaze and speech—an evidence of native modesty most new and inviting to him—he continued: "The Vice-Prefect hath most truly said that the Emperor punishes this odious Christian sect because of their treasonable opposition to the military laws, whereby they discourage enlistments in the army and promote desertions therefrom, and because of their abhorrence of slavery, and because of their visionary and impious denial of private property rights, and their vain dreams of a democracy in which social and political distinctions between men and classes shall be abolished; but we younger men, who love life and appreciate all the advantages which the benevolent gods of Rome have provided for the patrician youth, hate these accursed Galileans because their harsh, ascetic creed condemns as sin all the pleasant indulgences which nature craves, and denounce, as falsest idols, all the propitious gods that sanction them! Ah, Dorcas, who that hath a human heart would desire to live in a world where the service of glorious Mars is denounced as crime? where the sacrifices to Venus are outlawed and despised? where Bacchus, ever beautiful and ever young, the solacer of all sorrows, the inciter to all joys, is held up to detestation as a brutal god? A malignant superstition, indeed, must that be that in place of leaving remorse and sorrow for the weary old age that loathes life and all the good things of the world, seeketh to crucify all human pleasing desires even in the very hey-day of youth, and congeal every fount of pleasure by the requirements of its inhuman creed! If thou, sweet Dorcas, hast been reared up in the scarcely less harsh and unsocial religion of the stubborn and ascetic Jews, let no false compassion for the sufferings of these malevolent Christians pervert thy heart and lead thee astray, but rather suffer me, thy friend and admirer, to teach thee the tender, human, beautiful religion of holy Rome, wherein some delightful divinity shall accept as devotion every sacred right that can minister to pleasure, and so reconcile the heart to all the calamities of fate which cannot be avoided, by calling into delicious exercise every faculty of mind and body that can minister to joy! O

beautiful Dorcas! learn thou the true and beautiful religion of sacred, eternal Rome!"

"Of the natural results of which thy birth-night's revelry was the only specimen which hath come under my observation," said Dorcas, with greater asperity than any one had ever heard before in her melodious voice.

"And what, O severe Vestal, was there wrong about the feast? The wine was good, the edibles excellent, the gods propitious, and the girls surpassingly pleasant and witty!"

"And if thou didst have a sister, centurion, couldst thou have desired to see her among those pleasant, witty girls? If not, doth it appear right to thee to place the sisters of some other youth amid such surroundings?"

And so the chaste-eyed maiden gazed into the young man's eyes with mild and sister-like reproach.

"Dioscuri!" he answered. "These girls are only plebeians! Why dost thou ask me whether I would have desired to see my sister among these?"

"Because thou didst send thy mother, Calpha, to invite me to join them; and if thou art without a law to teach thee that this thing was wrong, thou art then a law unto thyself, and thou oughtest not to place a young girl who never injured thee, and whom thou scarcely knowest, where thou thinkest it would have disgraced thy sister to be found."

The young man, for the first time in his life, was covered with confusion in the presence of a pretty girl, and hardly knew what answer to make. The idea of virtue in any sense except that of personal courage (the Roman signification of the word), the idea of chastity that loves only what things are pure, and loves them for their own sake only, was inexplicable to him; but finally, with much embarrassment, but with perfect sincerity, he replied:

"Dorcas, in Rome a line of conduct that is right and proper to the patrician class, is impossible to the plebeians; and conduct that is right and proper enough for the plebeians is utterly impossible for the patrician. Only the odious and democratic Christians assert the brotherhood of man, and deny the privileges of rank and fortune, seeking to reduce all classes to one common level, which is the tendency of that cruel asceticism for which we so bitterly hate them. So that they

would not only rob us of the pursuits and pleasures natural to our age and rank, but would deny the lower classes those pleasures and advantages which they obtain by our favor, and are cruel to both patrician and plebeian."

The young girl's pure and beautiful face grew very pale, and a strange fire gleamed from her soft, expressive eyes, as she replied in low, penetrating tones:

"I do not know, centurion, how it all may be; but, surely, if these despised and persecuted Christians have hope in this life only, they must be of all men most miserable. If they teach and practice a self-denial so severe as thou sayest, do they not propose some glorious compensation for its sufferings? What sublime reward do they offer to those whom they would induce to accept their faith, and so crucify themselves unto the world?"

"Nothing that is tangible or satisfactory—nothing definite or sure; nothing except visionary promises of everlasting happiness beyond this life in exchange for earthly wretchedness."

"If such promises are built upon any sure and trustworthy foundation," said Dorcas, "it seems to me that it would be the part of wisdom to accept them—life is so uncertain, fortune so fickle, pleasure so evanescent. And, indeed, the excellent Epaphras hath taught me that the great men who built up the mighty kingdoms of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Persia (and even Rome, also) practiced the very same temperance and self-denial which thou dost so bitterly condemn; and that the prevalence of voluptuousness, luxury and pleasure among such as thou hast called the better classes is ever the precursor of national disaster. I know not whether this be true, but, if true, it seems to me that even for this transient, earthly life sobriety is better than licentiousness for all men of every class."

"True! true!" cried out the Vice-Prefect. "The men that made Rome great, and that acted their own parts greatly, were never drunkards, nor gluttons, nor great lovers of pleasure! Remember that, centurion, remember that!"

Just then a slave announced the evening meal, and the conversation was suspended by their adjournment to the great hall, which, in Roman dwelling-houses, was more used than any other department of the building.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BROKEN CHORDS.

Love one day, in wanton mood,
On the harp of Life was playing;
Carelessly his dimpled hands
O'er the sweetest chords were straying—
Sudden burst the strings asunder,
Love looked smiling down in wonder;
Finding he no more could play,
Laughed and flung the wreck away.
Sorrow caught it as it fell,
Closely to her bosom pressed it;
Moaning o'er the broken strings,
She with trembling touch caressed it;

So with sad caress and sighing,
All the music from it dying;
Cold and mute it grew at last,
Sorrow held it close and fast.
Hope in passing turned aside,
Hoped, and as her fair hands lingered
O'er the strings sweet music swelled
From the chords so softly fingered.
'Neath her tender touch, life-giving,
Broken strings grew warm and living;
Throbbled with songs of sweetest strain;
Hope awoke new life again.

JANET E. STRONG.

TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.

CHAPTER IX.

CAVE-DWELLING INSECTS.

"HELLO, Harry! The Doctor wants to see a humble-bees' nest. Can you find one for him?"



ENTRANCE TO THE
HUMBLE-BEES' CAVE.

Harry, who was crossing the field within easy call, ran eagerly toward us at this greeting, for the very name 'bumble-bee' has a stirring influence upon a lad who knows anything of the country. If there were a "bum-

bees' nest anywhere in the neighborhood I knew that Harry might be trusted to point out the locality; and accordingly the lad was soon at our side, his face aglow with a sense of importance and anticipated pleasure.

The Doctor, however, was taken somewhat by surprise. "My dear sir," he cried, "I am not the least aware of any such want as you have expressed. On the contrary, I heartily excuse Harry from all service in the way of humble-bee hunting."

"No, no, Doctor. You cannot escape so easily. You are committed to a search after the most ancient cave-dwellers, and it would be too bad to omit such distinguished representatives as the humble-bee. Here is Harry quite ready to encourage your antiquarian tastes,

and he would be disappointed now were you to turn back. Can you lead us to a humble-bees' nest, Harry?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy with alacrity. "There's one just beyond here in a big tussock on the edge of the swamp-grass. Joe and I found it las' July, when they was a-mowin'."

"And resisted the temptation to clean it out? That was a marvelous example of self-denial for a growing boy. How did it happen?"

"We did mean to fight it, and was jest gettin' ready when father 'lowed of we'd wait till frost come we'd have the nest without gettin' stung. But that wasn't the reason zactly," added the lad. "I don't mind bee-stings much, though some folks 's mighty feard uv 'em. Here 's the nest, sir."

Harry had well described the site, which is indeed a favorite one for these insects, who love to burrow in moist, low meadow land, near a great tuft of grass or tussock. Yet they give themselves a good deal of latitude in the choice of their subterranean homes, and often affect a grassy bank or lawn.

Harry pushed aside the grass and showed us the entrance or gate to the cave—a round hole half an inch in diameter. The droning buzz-z-zz! of a bee's wings warned us that one of the workers approached her nest. She circled around us cautiously and somewhat excitedly. There was a growing sharpness in the note of her hum which warned the Doctor to start back and pull the limp brim of his hat about his ears. Harry

laughed, and sat still, simply withdrawing his hand from the opening. The bee gradually narrowed the circles of her flight, and after a few turns above the gate, as is her habit when home-coming, settled upon the ground and crept down the tube with a final buzz of satisfaction. She had thus unwittingly identified the site for us and confirmed Harry's report.

"Now, Doctor," I remarked, "here is an opportunity to prove your devotion to science. Our little cave-dwellers are wont to defend their household treasures with some acrimony."

"My dear fellow," said the clergyman, "I pray you have me excused! I am too old and clumsy to engage in a battle with humble-bees. If you stir up those mettlesome little beasts I shall certainly run away. Good morning!"

"Hold, hold, Doctor! I promise to spare you. But how shall we learn the mysteries of this cavern-home unless we take some risks in the work of exploration? Really, I am anxious, on my own behalf, to see the interior of a bee's nest; for I haven't seen one since my boyhood, and in those days there was rather too much excitement in the assault and defense to permit a careful study of the architecture."

Here Harry spoke. "I know where they're two other nests inside the yard, back of the house. Pap was telling Joe and me t'other day that we'd hav' tuh clean 'em out anyhow, sence the folks 'ad come. So of you'd like to see a nest we'll open one now for you, jest as leav's not."

"Ah, that will do finely," I said; "so you see,

Doctor, we shall get the spoils of victory without the perils of war."

"True enough," was the reply. "But isn't that very much like the patriotism of the great showman,



GRYLLOTALPA LONGIPENNIS—THE MOLE CRICKET—ITS CAVE AND EGGS.

Artemas Ward, who exhibited such self-sacrificing willingness to have all his wife's relations go to war?"

"Perhaps it is," I answered, smiling, "but we may trust our boys to come out of the conflict without any serious hurt. They are experienced hands at beehunting, I warrant. And now, if you'll consent to spend the day with us, we'll defer our cave-hunting until evening. What say you?"

The Doctor, who was quite prepared to humor my fancies and encourage me in these agreeable field pursuits, readily consented. Therefore, dismissing Harry, we turned our steps homeward.

As we walked over the moist, soft ground that skirts the edge of the Run, my friend noticed a ridge of loose, fresh earth heaved up along the low bank. "I see that a mole has been at work here," he remarked.

"Let us look a little more closely," I said. "The burrow which this ridge covers is certainly much like a mole's, but smaller than that animal makes. I suspect that we are on the trail of another of our insect cave-dwellers—the mole-cricket. Yes, it is so, and here beneath this stone the burrow terminates." I turned over the stone, and exposed a simple opening into the earth.

"Where is the cricket?" asked the Doctor.

"That is more easily asked than answered; somewhere near the bottom of his cave at this hour of the day, too far down for us to reach. But if you will visit his burrow with me this evening, I may satisfy your curiosity. The mole-cricket is a nocturnal insect, and will not be caught near the door of his den until dusk. If one will then push a long grass stalk into the opening the irritated inhabitant will probably grasp it, and grass and cricket may be drawn out together.

"Our American species is known as the Northern mole-cricket (*Gryllotalpa borealis*), although, in fact, it inhabits nearly the whole of the great plains, from Louisiana to Massachusetts. Sometimes the bulk of the soil beneath the sod and stones for a rod from the water's edge will be found completely honey-combed with their burrows. They seldom penetrate to a depth of more than six or eight inches, rarely to a

foot beneath the surface. The burrows are about one-third of an inch in diameter, entirely irregular in direction, and often terminate abruptly. When the ground is hard, the burrows are brought so near the surface as to raise long ridges of mould, which, when dry, frequently fall in and expose the interior."

"Does the mole-cricket chirrup like the traditional hearth cricket?"

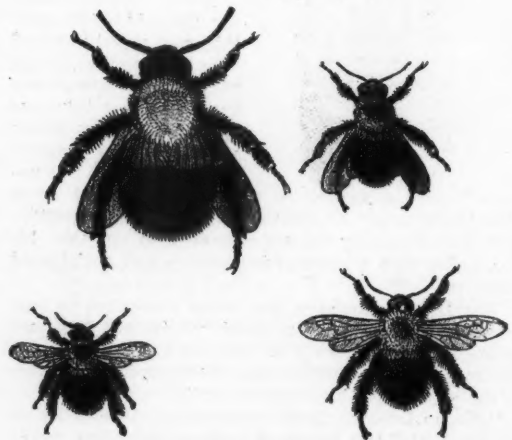
"It does chirrup, or rather creak, but its note is different, resembling the distant sound of frogs, but somewhat feebler. It is most frequently heard about dusk."

"Why is the insect called a mole-cricket?"

"From the very fact, in part, that caused you to mistake his burrow for a mole's. The general shape of the insect contributes to this likeness, as well as the strange development of the fore limbs, and the peculiar formation of the first pair of feet, which are not unlike the corresponding members of the mole. There are other points of resemblance which are most extraordinary. Like the mole, the mole-cricket passes nearly the whole of its life underground, digging out long passages by means of its spade-like limbs, and traversing them in search of prey. Like the mole, it is fierce and quarrelsome, is ready to fight with its own kind, and, if victorious, always tears its vanquished opponent to pieces. Like the mole, it is exceedingly voracious, and if confined without food with several of its own species, the strongest will devour the weakest. We may close the analogy by saying that, like the mole, it is useful enough in the fields, where its tunnels form a kind of subsoil drainage, but is equally destructive in the garden among young plants and flowers, upon whose roots it feeds. The European species (*Gryllotalpa vulgaris*) is often quite a pest, but our American species has not yet developed such destructive habits, perhaps from lack of opportunity."

"Well, well," cried the Doctor, "I quite join you in declaring this a most extraordinary creature. These are wonderful resemblances to exist in animals so widely separated as a cricket and a mole—an insect and a vertebrate."

"Perhaps," I suggested, thinking to draw the Doctor's theological fire, "the insect is a far-away ancestor



A GROUP OF BEES.

of the vertebrate? At least, an evolutionist might have no difficulty in accounting for such resemblances by some application of his theory."

The Doctor glanced slyly at me, smiled, and answered: "Ah! you shall not disturb my equanimity so. Evolution is no theological *bête noir* to me. Not that I believe it, at all; on the contrary, I think it is yet an unproved hypothesis. But, considered as a *method of creation* simply, I am willing to leave it wholly in the hands of the naturalists and philosophers. Of course, that materialistic view of evolution, which dispenses with a Divine Creator as the First Cause of all things, has no place in my thought. That is not for a moment to be tolerated; but, as for the rest, why should Christian people disturb themselves? Science has not yet said her last word, by any means, and we can well afford to wait. The only absolute condition that I name is, that Evolutionists shall still heartily join us in the opening sentence of the Creed: 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, MAKER of Heaven and Earth.'

But, Mr. Mayfield, we are not driven of necessity to Evolutionism to account for such striking analogies in the animal kingdom as those between the mole and the mole-cricket."

"Indeed! What other theory can so well satisfy the demands of science?"

"The theory which lies at the root of all Monotheism, viz.: the origin of all things in One Divine Mind. The critic will trace with reasonable certainty the literary remains of an ancient author by the characteristics of style. Amid a number of claimants he will separate the genuine products from the apocryphal by those resemblances which naturally and inevitably mark the productions of one mind. Now, why should I not reason in this wise of the One Great Over-Mind and the products of His thought? Is it strange that, if all things are created by the Almighty God, there should be traceable amongst them even through an infinite wealth and variety of wisdom, taste and skill, a manifest likeness? Nay, it would be strange were it otherwise. Belief in the Unity of God the Creator leads logically to such analogies as we have been speaking of. Sometimes, as with our mole and cricket, the analogies lie close to the surface; again, they run deeper, or are wholly hidden even from star-eyed science. But, in any case, I cannot see, from this stand-point, that the theory of evolution has any advantage over a theory of special

creations. However, there is no need that the two theories should fall to blows. Let us have Patience and Charity. There is a deal too much dogmatism on both sides. Let us wait and look further. Truth is one and of One. By and by we shall find the links that bind all natural facts into one chain, and that shall lead—I

never for a moment doubt it!—over whatever trail, by whatever method, straight to the Hand Divine."

The face of the good old man had kindled under the play of thought. He had brushed back his felt hat, as was his habit in animated conversation, until his broad brow was fully exposed. He walked on, erect and vigorous, punctuating his periods by sounding thumps upon the path with his gold-headed cane (another peculiar habit), keeping his eyes the while well aloft as though communing with the clouds. Gradually the glance fell until it reached the plane of my face, when, with a bright smile, the Doctor added:

"There, you have tempted me to express sentiments that I rarely trouble others with. You may put

it down as one more of the wonders of that extraordinary mole-cricket that he should thus lift the flood-gate of garrulity from an old man's lips."

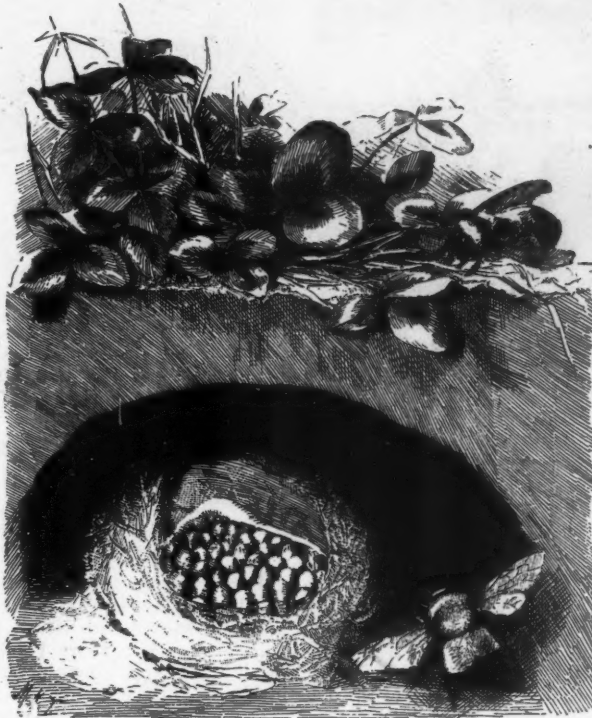
"My dear Doctor," I said, "I thank you from my heart for this expression of your views. It would be well for all concerned were such reasonable and charitable opinions more commonly held and frequently uttered."

"Now for the bumble-bees!"

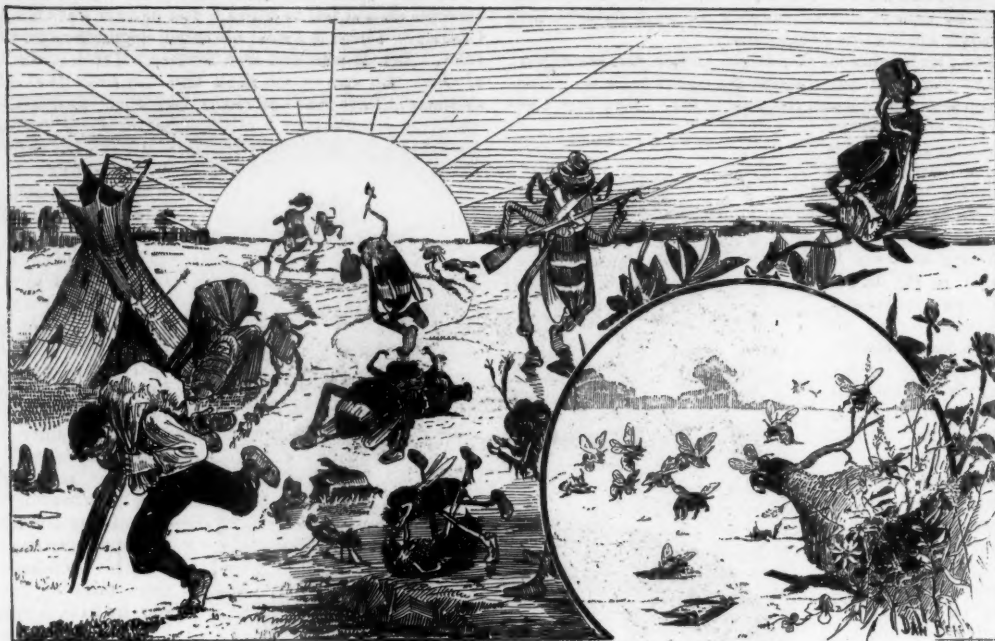
The farm-house awoke from the profound stillness which, according to the law of the Mistress, daily invited to a refreshing afternoon nap. Abby and the children were home from school, Hugh and Joe were in early from the field, and I summoned all hands to the raid upon the bees. The nest was found upon the lawn, just beyond the clump of shade trees where the yard begins to roll downward toward the meadow and the spring-house run. One of the gates opened directly into the sod by a circular hole, rimmed around about by excavated soil. It was prettily embowered beneath the tufts of orchard grass and sprigs of red clover, which indeed wholly concealed it.

"How cunningly this is hidden!" exclaimed the schoolma'am; "pray, how did you happen to find it, Harry?"

"I jest stumbled on it, ma'am. I stopped here one day, and while moving my feet back and forth, first



CAVE AND CELL-NEST OF HUMBLE-BEES.



HOW THE WILD TRIBES ARE REGUILED BY THE JUG—BUMBLE-BEES ON A BENDER.

thing I knowed two or three bees came up out 'v the grass and began buzzin' 'round me. I knowed what that meant, stooped down and found this hole."

"So?" said the schoolma'am. "The bees then were themselves the tell-tales and betrayed their own nest. They hadn't imbibed the peaceful principles of the old Friendly proprietor, or they might have escaped this impending doom. Heigh-ho!"

"Very likely, Miss Abby. But we can moralize by and by. Where's your other nest, Harry?"

It was pointed out at the edge of an uncovered hot-bed which had been set into the bank about eight feet from the pretty gate which we had just examined and admired. A hole as big as one's fist penetrated the bank at the side of the bed-frame, into which several bees entered while we looked. The first opening was evidently the natural architecture of the bees, but this seemed to be the burrow of a mole which had been utilized by the insects. We decided to begin operations at the first gate. The party gathered around at various distances, regulated by the various degrees of respect entertained for the aculeate ability of the bees.

"Hello, Joe, bring on the jug!" called Harry; "we're all ready."

"Jug? What's that for?" asked Abby.

"Dear knows!" said the Mistress; "but the boys have been exploring the premises for a black jug—it must be a black one, they said, or it wouldn't answer."

The lads had evidently succeeded in their search, for Joe appeared, carrying a black jug, half filled with water. He laid it on its side, with the mouth close to the gate.

"All right!" he said. "Go ahead now. I warrant the bees won't hurt us very much."

I thrust a tuft of cotton into the opening, and then cut out the sod around, thus preserving intact the natural gate to the nest. When this was removed, and the

gallery beneath uncovered, the mystery of Joe's jug was immediately explained. One after another a troop of yellow-backed bees issued forth, mounted on wing with angry whirr, coursed a few narrow circles, then dived into the open mouth of the jug, where they were immersed in the contents.

"Oh, Joe," exclaimed Abby, "this is a base mode of warfare. It equals the wickedness of our white ancestors, who have literally exterminated the wild aborigines by the enticements of the jug. Fye! fye! Why don't you fight them like a man?"

"Hugh Bond declared these bees trespassers," cried the Mistress from the safe shelter of a neighboring pine tree, "and I have heard him affirm that all trespassers ought to be 'jugged.' Don't mind what Miss Abby says, Joe."

"Alas!" said the Doctor, also inclined to draw a moral from the novel proceeding, "how often is Industry, symbolized by the busy bee, utterly wrecked, and its fruits desolated by the perfidious habit of which the 'jug' is the emblem!"

"Doctor, Doctor!" called the Mistress, "how dare you? That's my vinegar jug!"

"Pardon, madam," said the Dominie, "I meant no harm; but I perceive that it is true, as our old writing-copy affirmed, 'Comparisons are odious.'"

In the meantime, quite unmolested by the bees, we had followed the underground gallery, which soon widened into what was evidently the burrow of a mole. It led in a zigzag course toward the hot-bed frame.

"Why, Harry," I said, "your two nests will turn out to be one, I think."

So it proved. After tracing the burrow for a distance of five feet, we came upon the nest. It lay in a cavity seven or eight inches in diameter, the floor of which was eighteen inches from the surface.

As the yellow cells of the bumble-bees showed amid

the torn shreds of their gray mattress of curled hay, the boys cried out:

"Here it is! Here it is!"

The Mistress left the shelter of her tree, with head wrapped in a scarf; the Doctor pulled his hat-brims around his ears; Julia threw up her check apron until it wholly enveloped her head; Abby wore her hat, and had twisted a kerchief around her neck. What they saw through the broken wall of the cave was a round bundle of dry chopped grass, about the bigness of one's head, lying on the floor, sprinkled with the yellow soil fallen from our digging.

"Look out now!"

Half a dozen bees rose from the pulverized ruins of their home; shook off the dust from their wings, and darted toward the group of curious observers. There were screams and a quick dispersion. The Mistress and Jenny ran away without ceremony. Abby took a step or two backward, and then stood her ground, taking the precaution, however, to clasp her skirts tightly, while her head rapidly oscillated in the vain endeavor to follow the insects' flight. The Doctor retreated with some show of dignity, as became his cloth, but hugged his cheeks tightly with his soft hat. Unluckily for him, black seems to affect a humble-bee as red does a bull; and several of the irate workers, attracted by the clerical sable, charged straight upon the dominie. This was too much, even for his dignity; so, standing no further ceremony, he turned and fled, holding his hat down with one hand, and with the other, wildly beating a handkerchief about his face. The scene was laughable enough, but the boys ran to the rescue. The bees abandoned the Doctor and fell upon them, but were soon beaten down by the paddles with which they were armed.

The danger was over, and the party returned with much merriment to the cave. The nest was taken out, laid upon a cloth, and the swathing of curled hay removed. This exposed a spherical cluster of oval-shaped cells about four inches in diameter. The cells were of various sizes; the largest not more than three-fourths of an inch long and one-half inch thick. They

were made of thin yellow wax covered with brown blotches, and were so tightly fastened to one another by wax cement that they were separated with difficulty. Some of the cells were open; most of them were closed. Of the latter some were filled with a number of small yellowish-white grubs of various sizes; others contained but one grub each; a large white one, which was doubtless a young princess in training for future queen-ship. Here and there was a cell filled with yellow wax; and there were several small clusters of dirty gray cells filled with honey.

"Is that all there is of the nest?" asked Abby. Really, I am disappointed. This doesn't compare with the honey-bee's comb for beauty of structure."

"This is all; certainly the architecture cannot compare with that of the honey-bee, but there is much to admire in it after all. The humble-bee is not a child of civilization, and its ruder craft is very well adapted to its wilder life."

"Look at those cunning little bees," said the Mistress, "crawling over the cells. I suppose they are lately hatched and half-grown, and they don't seem to shun you at all! why is that?"

"You forget," I answered, "that there is no such thing as a half-grown insect except in the larval or grub condition. The larvæ feed enormously, but when they pass into the pupal state and transform, they come out into the imago or perfect insect, full grown. There is no increase in stature after that. These white-headed forms which you have called 'half-grown' are the small workers or minors. These, a size or two larger, are the male bees or drones. There is nothing very courageous in handling them, for they are stingless. Nature has left them absolutely without means of offense and defense."

"Look at them!" cried Abby, indignantly. "They are crawling around and around over the broken cells lapping up the honey! Stingless, hey? Lazy, greedy drones! See, too, how bright, clean and pretty they look—a sort of apiarian 'dude,' I do declare!"

"Come, come, Miss Abby," said the Doctor. "Everything after its kind, you know. Nature makes no mistakes even in the creation of drones."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DUDE OF THE BEE-HIVE—POOR DRONE!



BY WAY OF THE SIMPLON.

BY JOHN BOOKWALTER.

"THERE are several ways of going into Switzerland," said Number One, diligently tracing the various routes upon the map before him, "either from Arona to Martigny, over the Simplon from Colico to Coire, over the Splügen, or from Bellingano to Lucerne, over the St. Gothard." And having made this announcement he leaned back in his chair, surveyed the group about him, and paused for comments.

"Go! We've just come," exclaimed Number Two.

"Been here six days at twenty minutes past four o'clock P. M.," rejoined Number One, forcibly.

"The Simplon pass is best for us," decided Number Three, ignoring the dissenting voice.

"Napoleon crossed in a snow storm," remarked Number Four, incidentally.

Number Two shuddered. It was a breath of winter in the midst of June roses. She gazed with pity upon the unpoetic trio.

"You may all go, but I shall stay. I desire nothing better than to live forever in a small town of three thousand inhabitants, she declared," waving her hand dramatically toward the village of Bellagio. "I intend to make the three thousand and first."

We were sitting on the cosy veranda of the Grand Hotel Bellagio, occupying ourselves according to our various inclinations. Number One lent himself to a diligent study of Badeker's Northern Italy, and its accompanying map. Number Four looked upon the quiet afternoon as an especial dispensation sent that she might add to the voluminous records of her diary; while Number Two openly and unashamedly announced her intention of following no occupation whatever. But what could one expect of a young lady who had been caught at midnight lending a listening ear to the night-ingles, and, in answer to the sharpest reprimand, expressed herself regardless of either physical or mental ill consequences.

"You say it's the atmosphere," said Number Three, severely. "Very well; it's plainly our duty to take you from its weakening influence."

Yet in the face of all this Number Two declared her intention of lingering forever in the ideal Italian town; but in spite of this ambition, we turned away an unbroken quartette, from the roses and nightingales, from where the sloping gardens of the Villa Carlotta, on one side the lake, lay in quiet opposition to the wooded hills and cliffs of the Villa Serbelloni, upon the other, and following the circuitous route of the Italian lakes, arrived in due time at Stresa, on Lake Maggiore, from which place we would turn toward Switzerland.

Not in an ordinary *diligence* would we do this, but with all the glory and distinction of a *special poste*. Accordingly, negotiations were entered into with a certain vitturino, warranted to give complete satisfaction, and preliminaries arranged, we rattled gayly out of the yard of the Hotel des Iles Borromeo's one afternoon, a few days later, followed by an admiring gaze after our four-in-hand, as the driver cracked his whip over the heads of the hotel guests.

Number One held the book and allowed no interesting object to escape our notice. Baveno came first, with its Villa Clarn, interesting because for one short month royalty abode within its walls. We drove briskly past olive-groves and vineyards, through the narrow

streets of little villages, and perilously near the heels of urchins who drew out of the way with true Italian inactivity. Feriolo, Ornavasso, Migliandone, Premosello, Pallanzeno, and finally Domo d'Ossola, where we were to break the journey and spend the night.

"De la Ville?" inquired the driver, touching his hat.

Number One assented, in his best French. But Number Two had made discoveries.

"Listen to this," she exclaimed, excitedly. "Hotel de la Ville et Poste. *High charges.*"

"Must take the best in small towns," quoted Number One.

"Too late now, anyway," said Number Four, as we drove into the courtyard of the hotel.

"It looks innocent," whispered Number Three, as the horses came to a stop.

Quiet reigned in the halls and about the open court. No one else seemed to be testing the hotel, and at dinner we found ourselves the only occupants of the long table; but soup was no sooner brought in than it was followed by the entrance of a quiet young couple, who seated themselves directly opposite.

"Wedding journey?" telegraphed Number Two, turning her face into an interrogation point.

"Talk too much," decided Number Four, after critical observation.

"Scrape acquaintance with your fellow-victims," came commandingly from the end of the table.

"Symbolical of the rosy life about to dawn," whispered Number Two, regarding the gay color of the young lady's costume. And the confirmation of this impression was not long in coming. We adjourned after dinner to the *salle-à-lecture*—a tiny annex of the *salle-à-manger*—and the gray young gentleman availed himself of the one newspaper lying on the table, while the brilliant young lady wandered about the lawn.

"A-hem!" said he, presently. The girl answered the call with wifely obedience, and looked over his shoulders to follow his finger's injunction. Presently they laid down the paper and went away.

Four pairs of hands grasped the *Times*, eight eyes eagerly scanned the page, a slight indentation led us to the right spot, and we read:

"On the 20th inst., at the parish church, Penbury, Kent, by the Rev. James Woodfield Hussey, father of the bridegroom, Owen Woodfield Hussey, barrister-at-law, to Mary, third daughter of the late John Pegge, of Eden Garden, Kent."

We were to be called in the morning at five o'clock, breakfast at five-thirty, and be off and away at six. We awoke to find the rain coming down in torrents, and an impatient vitturino demanding orders.

"Impossible to go on. He must be made to wait over a day."

Number One went off to enforce this decision, but reappeared after some delay.

"Says he won't. It isn't his fault it rains. Must get back for another party."

"Hire him," suggested Number Two, with brevity.

"But he wants the Earth," returned Number One.

"Warranted to give complete satisfaction," quoted Number Four, with withering sarcasm.

"Of course, after due discussion, it was all arranged, and we set ourselves about using this spare day to the

best advantage. Diaries were brought out, the party work-basket passed from hand to hand, and pens were flourished to an extent that must have seriously alarmed the Domo d'Ossola postmaster when he sorted the next day's mail. But when he awoke to his morning duties the causes of his added labor were far on their way to Brieg, for, contrary to fears, the rain ceased during the night, and no longer delay was necessary.

Mine host bowed us away, standing like a sentinel on the steps of the entrance.

"Who enters here, leaves hope behind," said Number One, in good, stout English, gravely returning the bow. The rest said nothing, but drove from the yard in subdued silence. Number Three turned and thoughtfully regarded the pile.

"It looks innocent," she finally remarked, with a significant accent.

But presently we had forgotten our ills in the beauty about us. The cascades and mountain streams, filled and overflowing with yesterday's contributions, rushed about us, and pushed past us; broad and fertile valleys introduced us to wilder and grander scenery beyond. Tunnels and bridges, rocks two thousand feet above, and hundreds of feet below, through the bewilderingly beautiful Ravine of Gondo, until in a whirl of delight we reached Simplon—an infinitesimal village, where a halt of two hours is enforced, and dinner is in waiting at the cheery inn. Horses are unharnessed and allowed untrammelled rest, with a leisurely repast, before starting on the last part of their tiresome trip.

It was a rugged little scene for one newly experiencing it, and we grouped ourselves around the window for a better view. Men, broad-faced and brawny, lounged about, and gathered from the day's arrivals the latest news from either country. Several children stood about, clad in gay-colored costumes. Occasionally, in the village lanes, we caught sight of some women moving to and fro. It was curiously restful; was life always as easy for these mountaineers, or had we lost our calculations and come upon them in their Sunday clothes and costumes? While we wondered, a tiny bell from somewhere began to toll, and looking about, we discovered the low spire of a church, toward which the various loungers proceeded to turn. Some one coming up the road spoke to two or three of them; his communication seemed of importance. What could happen of consequence in this out-of-the-way spot? The maid who served us at dinner rushed into the room white and breathless.

"There was an avalanche! No one killed, thank God! Twenty-five men were called for from our side; twenty-five would meet them from Brieg. They would start to work in the morning."

"But why not now?" we inquired.

"It is a Festa, mesdames. They must go to church."

This, then, accounted for the fine clothes.

The gentlemen decided to walk to the scene. It was likely, they concluded, to be more talk than avalanche; they would see what American energy could accomplish. But it proved a two hours' journey from Simplon, and an avalanche which no amount of persuasion could move; we must stay the night, and await to-morrow's developments. Supper passed in conviviality born of misfortune, and it was late at night before we separated. The Englishman, supplemented by his friend, told wonderful tales of adventures; the German had something quite as bewildering to relate, and we, whose experience was somewhat less full, listened and

applauded with an eagerness intended to cover any deficiency in that direction.

Next day we gathered for an early breakfast—the men had started, but no hopes were advanced for an opening before afternoon. However, with the (for once) mistaken idea that to be on hand would hurry matters, we decided to go on. We drove for a long while in steadily increasing cold, and at last came upon the Hospice. It was raining by this time, and intensely disagreeable and raw. The monk who opened the door in answer to our call urged us to come in and wait until news should be sent that the road was open. But no—on we would go, and on we did go until we came upon a little hut by the roadside, when the driver pulled up the horses and announced that he at least would proceed no further. Whereupon he unhitched the horses and left us sitting in front of Refuge, No. 6. A survey of the house offering no encouragement, we decided to stay where we were; unearthed sundry books from the depths of bags, and pulled our shawls and bags closely about us, but our greatest efforts failed to keep out the cold.

"I don't believe there is any sun," said Number Three skeptically, as she looked up at the leaden sky and around on the desolation.

"Which way is south?" asked Number Four from her corner. "I believe I'd feel warmer if I looked that way."

"Oh, Italia!" sighed Number Two.

"Italia!" exclaimed Number One. "No place short of the equator for me."

Matters were growing serious, and Number One was finally sent to investigate. He brought back report of a roaring fire in the kitchen and a room up-stairs where we might go if we liked.

Accordingly we got out of the carriage and went in. It was impossible to stay by the kitchen fire, enticing as its roar might be and cold as it was without. That indefinable and sickening smell of wet leather and damp cloth filled the room.

"You wicked boy! Why didn't you tell us?" gasped Number Four, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Any sensation is better than none," was the retort.

"Your own words, my dear."

The woman preceded us up the stairs through one bed-room, when she mysteriously produced a key, unlocked a door, and ushered us, with many apologies that she had nothing better, into the "best room."

The floor was bare and destitute of any furniture, except a bed, which stood in a slight recess and was neatly covered with a colored spread. Against the extreme opposite side was a board, the wall serving as a back; the board as a bench, while stationary in front of this stood a rough table, perhaps two feet square. Three small colored prints hung upon the wall, and the room was lighted by two casement windows, neither alone sufficient to admit the rays of blessed sunlight.

"The 'best room.' Isn't it pathetic!" said Number Four.

"And she keeps it locked," added Number Three.

"Poor woman, what a life!"

"Better adopt her," I suggested; Number One beating his arms vigorously.

"Misfortune sours the sweetest disposition," remarked Number Three, loftily.

"Let's have a walking match," proposed Number Four, as a practical way of warming up, and at the same time prevent disturbance in the family circle. This was tried with painful success. Presently Number

Two caught Number One surreptitiously consulting his watch.

"Don't tell me," she begged, catching his eye, "it will only make the pangs of hunger greater."

The die was cast, and One having ventured to mention it, we all discussed the best means of partially appeasing hunger. Number One was dispatched for the lady of the mansion.

"Could the ladies eat an omelet? There were three eggs. Or a little bread? She only wished she had better. Travelers usually stopped at the Hospice."

The ladies declared they could eat anything, and the gentlemen indulged in expressive silence. In half an hour the omelet arrived, the woman laid two spoons upon the table—"there was nothing else fit"—and left us to enjoy our repast.

"I think it had better be distributed according to size," said Number One, gravely.

"The smallest should have the biggest cut," protested Number Two, ravenously.

"Is it an omelet?" asked Number Three, peering at the composition.

"It's leather," declared Number Four, testing a small corner.

"Remove the *débris*," murmured Number One, tragically—and dinner was over.

"Let's pretend we are historical personages," was suggested after we had expended all our stock of amusements.

"We shall be before long," interposed Number Four.

"You, Number Two," continued the young lady, scornfully ignoring the interruption, "are the queen of Somewhere, fleeing for her life. The queen, accompanied by her lord chamberlain and two faithful maids of honor, had reached Simplan, on her road to safety, when an avalanche caused her to be delayed twelve hours, and resulted in her capture by her pursuers."

"And here they come now," announced Number Three from the window.

Number One went down to investigate. It proved to be the English party, who had followed more slowly.

"I wish our respective families could see us," observed Number Four, pensively.

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

drummed Number Three upon the square inch of window pane.

There was a stir in the group in front of the house. A man came up the road, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion; the horses were brought from their shelter and put in harness, wraps were collected, the parties separated to their several conveyances, and we said good-by to Refuge, No. 6.

On we went—no avalanches. Ten minutes—still no sign of snow. Another ten—and we rounded a curve that brought us full upon the scene—picturesque enough to satisfy the wildest artistic appetite. On the right, mountains of snow; on the left, a mile of precipice; before us, a half-mile of wood, white and rough-hewn; while between us and the inverted mountain was interposed the long line of men, as if to offer some slight defense should we lean too perilously toward destruction—grotesque figures, with bodies like men and heads like old ladies, protected in their work, as they were, with glasses, and, in some instances, neatly enveloped in veils.

It certainly was an exciting moment when the horses took their first plunge; we pitched, then came back to a stand. Something the matter! What was it? We held our breaths in suspense. Only the driver at the carriage window.

"Would the Signor alight and lead one of the horses?"

The Signor was only too delighted. We breathed again, until another stop. Return of excitement. "The horses must rest, Signora." And soon, with alternations of delight and spasms of fear as a sudden jolt seemed to send us over, until with many stops and starts, the unintelligible cries of the driver urging them on, the panting horses had drawn us safely through, and we were dashing down the mountain side to the little village nestling at the foot.

Four hungry people, two hours later, sat about a table in the cozy dining-room of the hotel at Brieg.

"There never was such coffee," said Number Four, with conviction.

"Nectar!" assented Number Three, with more emphasis than point.

"From half-past four A. M. to half-past five P. M."—began Number Two, impressively rounding her period, by taking another roll.

"But we cannot all arrive at the originity of an avalanche," added Number Four.

"It was Napoleonic," said Number One, conclusively.

THE MINORITY VS. THE MAJORITY.

IN a lecture the reports of which by the happy few who were able to hear it have been widely read throughout the country, we were told, with that delightful reiteration with which the lovers of this leader in English literature have long been familiar, that "the majority is unsound, but there is the remnant." This evidently is considered an especially wholesome subject for an American audience. And its manner of delivery was not inaptly similar to the chanting sweetness of an oracle.

To an American, certainly, the subject and its treatment gives rise to reflection. But whether American or not, to a strictly logical mind it may be difficult to understand the connection between the quality of a tenet and the number of persons who profess it. Yet this great authority to which, as is right, we all respectfully

bow, tells us, "The majority is unsound; but there is the remnant." From this I infer that a theory may be tested by this easy method; if it be held truth by a very small number of people and be opposed by a very large majority, it must be judged sound. But in the reverse case, if a majority of our associates believe it true, and only a small remnant reject it, then it must be condemned as unsound. Surely this is the very apotheosis of contrariness! Find out what your friends believe and adopt the opposite opinion. Might I humbly follow the aforesaid master in the freedom with which he introduces colloquialisms into grave literature, I should here exclaim, "How is that for high!"

But we are told again and again that this great master is come to our shores in order to enlighten our igno-

rance, to confirm our understanding, and to elevate our thoughts out of the dust and clamor of the practical life that hums so unceasingly and so noisily around us. And if the truths he preaches are distasteful, so much the better for us. It serves to show we have fallen into the hands of a physician who hesitates not to apply heroic remedies. We are surely grateful.

In nothing more do we Americans show our youthfulness than in our unquenchable thirst to learn. Especially are we grateful if an Englishman will teach us. And it must be confessed that that many Englishmen are very ready to do. It reminds us of Ben Franklin's note upon the curious condition of the English mind toward us a hundred years ago. He says, in effect, that we were not regarded so much as subjects of the British crown as that every Englishman felt entitled somehow to edge himself a little upon the throne, and from thence speak to us as a master.

However, we are grateful. We are pleased, and rightly so, whenever men of ability and learning visit us from any foreign shore. And may we not show a sort of gratitude by humbly reflecting, from our wide expanse of opaqueness, some tittle of the effulgent beams that are so generously poured out upon us? May we not in some small degree enlighten in return? And may not a wise man who comes here to teach return a still wiser man and go home learning?

We are at terrible odds, it is true, when a great Englishman has for his backers a great Greek and a world-acknowledged Hebrew. We may take breath, however, in remembering that our distinguished Lowell remarked many years ago, "They didn't know everything down in Judee." And when we think of it, they didn't know everything in Athens, either. Both Athens and Judea were small states, and Plato and Isaiah were leaders of small parties within their states. Segregation was the fashion of the good old times. Little states, little parties, little cliques. The field for practice was small, the area of imagination alone was great. Life was laborious, the "cares of bread" were heavy. Only a few could withdraw from imperative labors to follow the flights of imagination of the great poets. The majority were unsound, or, rather, uninstructed. Only the remnant had their symposiums or their "reasoning togethers."

And in the little island across the water (may the rose there ever flourish!) some of the conditions of the old Greek and Hebrew still remain. The state is small; parties are small; political machinery is antiquated; imagination has more play than there is room for experiment. Englishmen have a sort of birthright to the prejudices of the Greek and the Hebrew. But for us, breathers of an ampler air, have we not burst the swathing bands of ancient history? Do we not rejoice in a *vox populi, vox dei*? Is not the "majority," whom this great master so maligns, the very tutelary deity of our nation?

And dare we not say that this god we do not ignorantly worship? We are a nation of practical men. We have ample fields for experiment. We do not need to rush into the upper air to stretch ourselves. There is room for all on the sober, solid earth. And when a man has a theory he is not allowed to collect a few unemployed persons about him, and consolidate a select remnant about him, who shall be forever wiser than their fellow men. A shout goes up from the millions of practical men about him: "Try your theory, and let us see how it works." Is there no room here for idealists? It is the very home of the idealist. Socialism,

pro-slavery and anti-aestheticism, Mormonism, Unitarianism, Agnosticism, Catholicism, Beecherism—every ism with an idea in it—is here made welcome, and given ample room to breathe and flourish. But the majority—the sober, practical, reverent, well-balanced mass of the country—look calmly on at the more or less successful efforts of these various "remnants;" and when the time of judgment comes, the *vox populi*, as the *vox dei*, decides which shall live and which shall perish.

Our institutions are founded on this faith of the substantial good sense of the majority. And our experience as a nation has led us to suspect fine-spun theories and delicate fancies too exalted for the comprehension of ordinarily intelligent people.

And be it remarked that this very dogma, preached so earnestly to us by our neighbor from over the sea, "the majority is unsound; but there is the remnant," does not refer to creations of the poet, nor to the speculations of the philosopher, but to the practical conduct of life. Among the instances of the unsoundness of the majority in recent times, we have immoralities of the French, and the injustice of England toward her weak neighbor.

Were the examples, even in these instances of notorious evils, fair evidence of the theory? Does even the preacher himself believe that the majority of the people of France practice or approve of the immorality he so charmingly condemns? It is true that in the last twenty-five years, or say the past fifty years, a school of writers have absorbed public attention in France, whose morals have been pardoned for the sake of the finish of their style. And we must acknowledge further that by a sort of kindred attraction the court society, about both the first and second empires, exhibited flagrant indecency of behavior, that certainly would not have been tolerated in England since the accession of the present sovereign. This body of contagion has existed in France not without injury to the whole nation. But to say that the majority of the French people are unsound upon this vital point of personal purity, is a slander upon a nation conspicuous for its domestic felicity.

And is our preacher on absolutely unquestionable ground, even in the matter of England's injustice to Ireland? It seems to us, at least, who have grown up in faith of English love of fair play, that were the subject fairly presented to the English people, and were these people allowed, untrammelled by influence, to express their will freely, a solution of the vexed question might have been found that would leave our beloved fatherland unspotted by the present blot on its escutcheon.

There is a philosophy also at the base of this belief in American institutions. It is human nature not only to avoid publicity when one does a base action, but in free public discussion good calls unto good, like deep unto deep, and a purifying and elevating process goes on in the public mind. And evil that might be possible to a clique, irresponsible and working in secret, becomes impossible to those same men, acting in the free air and bright sunlight of an interested multitude. Some pure soul among the crowd, unspoiled by contamination with policy, will cry out "that is a mean act;" and the truth once uttered, will serve to convince and convict, and, unless influenced by wild excitement, will turn the crowd from their purpose to some better way.

WE WERE SEVEN.

BY MINNIE MAY LANCASTER.

PEOPLE don't mean harm, they only do it; and the way we came to have a finger in Fate's pie, was this:

To begin with, there were seven of us—seven demoralized young savages turned loose on a lonely farm, along with a stepmother who dealt out justice very much as Mrs. Squeers dealt out treacle, and a forlorn old father who dared not call his soul his own. He was such a big, grand fellow, such a gentleman, was my father, so genial, and accustomed to being the master in his own house (that other house where mamma lived and died) that I think it must have come "stone hard" to him in his old age to play second fiddle to our severely proper second ma. He fell along with Richmond, and when ma had brought him captive in chains matrimonial to her country home—his being confiscated—and gathered up us children from the poor relations and poorer schools where mamma's death had drifted us, she just emptied us out in her wilderness of pines and waste of sand, to scratch our way through childhood as best pleased Providence and our numerous selves.

Weeds have one thing to be thankful for—they are not dug around, nor sniffed at, and they keep their heads till they grow to seed. The sun may fling hot kisses to their vagrant, upturned faces, or storms batter their stalks to earth, but there is always that one grand privilege that poverty gives to her worthless children—the privilege of being let alone—and if freedom means happiness, then we were just as gloriously happy as the summer days were long.

We were gregarious little wretches, hunting together, climbing together, fishing and fighting together regardless of sex or age. If John dived off the wharf after mud oysters, the rest of the gang were expected to dive after mud oysters too. True, there were snags in dangerous plenty that only showed their black, shiny faces at low tide, but the Providence that goes about caring for fools and children, ordained that they should not interfere with our sport so far as to deprive us of our brains. If he (meaning John again) climbed up the brown ribs of the barn till he reached the eaves and then flung himself madly on the hay ricks below, six interesting young followers would swarm about the tobacco plants curing under the eaves, ready to sneeze themselves off the beams and down into the hollow he had made. One morning when old black Joe (no reference to the song and chorus) came into the barn and caught us—some panting in our fragrant, yellow nests, one in mid-air curled up like a ball, and a file of five balancing on the rafters ready for a turn—how his old body quivered, and how his eyes suggested boiled eggs with the shells off, as he scratched under the straw and fished up before our demoralized eyes the farm hoe, the big rake with its cruel teeth upward, and two scythes gleaming with wicked keenness in the summer sun.

Ma was down with one of her aches and pains that day—poor dear! and papa having invited us to play away from the house, it suddenly occurred to our ambitious minds to go out boating in the scow. To be sure, there were "white ladies" riding on the big blue waves out in the channel, but they might have been witches straddling their broomsticks for all we thought or cared—for we were amphibious in those days, so far as fraternizing with water-snakes, crabs, and long-tailed sea-nettles went, or bobbing contentedly in the

frothy surf, with the brown fin of a shark looming before us between the rise and fall of the waves. It was a ramshackley old boat, grimy with oyster shells, and slimy with fish-bait and scales. There were greenish crab claws plastered about her sides and floating on her leaky bottom, and the bailing-can, as a matter of course, was nowhere to be seen—neither was her rudder, neither was her anchor, neither were her oars!

Wedged in as uncomfortably as Cleopatra's crew in the picture, and unable either to row or steer, we shoved her off in the heavy surf, and being both fools and children, trusted to Providence to keep us along the shore. The first thing we did was to wobble, and as we rather liked wobbling, a chorus went up to that effect in seven grateful yells. Then we rocked—the cradle in the tree-top wasn't a circumstance to the way we rocked after we left off wobbling! Then the rain beat on us in a sudden gust, and the "white ladies" foamed over the sides of the scow and into our laps with a rude familiarity to which no genuine white lady should descend. After that the deluge! Yes, our heaven-ordained nurse was flirting round some invisible corner with the elements, after the fashion of earthly maids and tangible policemen, leaving her panic-stricken charges to the mercies of the cruel, greedy waves! I think even Baby Dixie realized that water up to our knees meant sinking, and that sinking meant death—and so there was nothing to do but shriek for poor dear daddy, with a childish faith that he could save us, and, failing him, to make up our seven small minds to sink the very best we knew how, and all go to Heaven in a bunch.

It was quite plain the crazy old tub had made up its mind to go to the bottom, and the beautiful persistency with which she settled to her work would have sent us down with sickening swiftness, only that Providence, remembering us at the very last moment, rushed to our rescue in the shape of Captain Dan!

To say we adored our next-door farmer but shabbily expresses the devotion with which we assailed the preserver of our useless little lives. All along, we had known him simply as the man with a beard, and bothered no more about him, but *now*!

Tin cans of my childhood, how full to stopping we kept you with bait! Oh, soft crabs, quivering like unto live poultices in dingy nets! Oh, fat, purplish angle worms! Oh, brown-snouted clams!

We beat up partridges from the russet hedges, and while his gun was smoking, hunted the stubble to bring them to him warm and wet and dead. We let him into the secret of every nest and burrow in the chaffy pines, and blistered ourselves in the corn-field fighting marauding crows. We even extended our love to the old mare that had come home from the war with him—all ribs and horsehair—and to the rusty little fishing-smack that had helped to save our lives.

He never made us feel, God bless him! that we were not delightful to gaze upon, or that we might be less aggressive in the way of teeth and nails and heels. There was always a bright sort of welcome in his brown freckled face when we scampered across fields or along roads to meet him, and his was always the first cheery

word, always, at least, until that unlucky evening when we met him cantering from the village with the alarming announcement that Cousin Till had come.

Cousin Till meant ma's niece. She was one of those big, gorgeous looking young women a body calls stunning behind her back—a young woman with lots of bronze hair in a demoralized state of puff, bang and frizzle, with cheeks like peach-blossoms all pink and waxy, and lips as red and tempting as ma's bush of scarlet sage.

She was rich, too, in a mild sort of way, dressed in milk-white frocks and blue ribbons for breakfast, and had a beau, ma said, for every day in the week. For the rest, she owned a big farm ten miles above us, visited ma when there was nothing better going on, and always went off in a huff. She treated us children fairly enough, considering, and all we knew or cared about her was, that she slept in mittens to keep her hands white, carried her trunk key with exasperating consistency, never tasted coffee on account of her complexion and wished her name was Maud instead of Matilda—all we cared at least, until that unlucky evening when Captain Dan would budge no nearer than the garden—after which I am bound to own we hated her with a hatred too genuine to put in print!

Budge! he wouldn't even look toward the house—even when we clung to his saddle flaps and swarmed about his legs, and tugged and coaxed and scolded, we could get no better satisfaction than a playful flip of his riding whip as he gave his horse the bridle and slowly rode away. That was the beginning of it. We rarely saw our preserver after that, and never once at the house—how we hated her for it, and how we wished to goodness she would have the sense to go!

At last, when things had become so desperate that Captain Dan never even scudded in his fishing smack, nor turned his old mare's head into our road—and Cousin Till kept on being sweet as peaches—we held an indignation meeting on the back piazza and vented our wrongs in speech.

"Cut her throat and bury her in the pines," suggested John, our harmless eldest, who was addicted to uncomfortably vivid dreams.

"Wy tant we put 'ard trabs in her bed and ddown her wif a wope!" lisped Aggie, our Borgia of six.

"Better shave that head of hers!" advised Jim, who really gave brilliant promise of being a first-class villain—only he died, poor little lad, before he had time to work out his vocation.

And to shave our Cousin Tilly we decided.

We were very jubilant at the tea-table that night—so jubilant that ma moaned at us through her bed-room door, and papa and Cousin Till frowned us down from their end of the table—and when at last she had retired early by reason of ma's headache, and papa had catechised us from "Who made you?" down to "What became of Cain?" we, too, filed up the crooked old stairway to the three rooms allotted to our sway.

We had cast John for the barber in our thrilling version of the "Rape of the Lock," but being overwhelmed with a conscience at the trying moment, Jim assumed the part at the usual five minutes' notice and doubtless would have performed his role with perfect satisfaction but for a tableau not down in the bill.

The harvest moon was shining like a calcium as we crept stealthily on our bare tip-toes to the door of my Cousin Till's chamber. There she lay fast asleep, like the princess in the fairy tale, and there were we face to face with—John was the first to spy it—a fluffy coil of reddish gold sprawled out on the dresser!

When we carried Captain Dan the scandalous news I think he had a wild notion to box us for our pains. He laughed, too—laughed till the fishing was spoiled, and made us promise never to raise our hands again to harm a hair of her head. Then papa, being in a proper mood, we lured him behind the granary door and confided in him as well—a confidence that led to the horrible discovery that Cousin Till and our Captain Dan had been something more than friends.

"Wasn't *she* to blame?" asked John, who had heard of such goings on as courting involves, and liked to air his knowledge.

"Well, yes, honey, I think there's no doubt about that; but young people don't need to talk of such things, so run and forget it."

Not talk, indeed! We talked of nothing else; and if Captain Dan *wanted* Cousin Till, we made up our minds he was going to have her, false top-knot, big farm, and sulks too, in the bargain!

How we argued, how we planned, and how at last we made up our minds what to do and how to go about it!

Our plot began with a message. Would Captain Dan meet papa that evening at sunset by the bend? Of course he would, and for the rest of that day we confined our energies to stealing everything we could lay our hands on in the way of ropes and bridles and strings. That evening when the sun lay in golden splendor on the water, and the swamp-frogs were piping their dismal refrain, Cousin Till strailed off to the beach, as usual, with a cloud of white wool over her bronze locks and a blue-and-gold "Burns" in her hand.

We took a notion to strail that way ourselves, only we made no such seductive picture with Billy's bridle between us, and the great thong of tinkling sleigh-bells dragging along in the sand. We found our chance when she stooped to pick up a pinkish pebble, and before she could say Jack Robinson, old Billy's bridle was lassooing her soft white throat, and John was strapping her arms to her sides with the string of noisy bells. I think she considered it fun of a rough sort at first, and humored our frolic so far as to let us shove her along to the Bend. She even laughed out gayly at Dixie's fierce efforts in the way of clutchings and Aggie's vicious buttings from behind.

But when she saw Captain Dan waiting impatiently before us, and when he saw her—and us—and when John handed over the bridle with the unnecessary assertion that "there she was, and no mistake!" and when they both flushed up like honey-suckles, and she hung her pretty head while he unwound her from the musty ropes and still she did not move, and when at last we left them there with the sun flooding them both with its dying blessing, how triumphantly we scampered down the beach to the chorus of

"A corn-stalk fiddle and a shoe-string bow,
If you catch a pretty girl don't you let her go."

A simple story; yes, so simple that except for Captain Dan himself I never should have remembered. For one thing it happened so long ago. I never realized how long, until I met him face to face, and the poor dear did not know me—

So gray, so sorrowfully old—should a man look like that at forty?

And when, at last, I beat it into his memory that I was one of the seven causes of his marriage, and asked him how dared he forget, he turned on me with a most startling contempt for politeness, and with a sigh that

was solemn even for a countryman lost in the noises of a town.

"Forget! Why, I've been wishing every day for the last fifteen years that I had let the whole gang of you go to the bottom. Forget you? No such luck!"

It never occurred to me before, but now I come to think of it, Cousin Till wasn't exactly the sort of woman to make a successful home, and as for him—if only he had not interfered, how much better off we would have been—at the bottom!

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OCTOBER slipped away, and Dorothy's first experience of what a New England November might be had begun before letters came in one morning with the California postmark. She looked at them a little wistfully. There were two; one in Mr. Evart's handwriting, the other a larger, more formidable envelope with "David Frankford, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law," in the upper right-hand corner, headed by the usual "If not delivered in ten days return to—," etc. Dorothy read it as she hurried home through the frosty air, and laughed softly as she thought of the possible complications supposing she should suppress it altogether.

"The whole thing is mysterious, and like something in a book," she thought, "and to be quite consistent there ought to be more counterplots, in which I am really the one who could be expected to undertake the necessary tangling of all the threads within my reach. I wonder how it would feel to be a genuine plotter? How I do want to know what is really going on, and how I do wonder if it is anything about this miserable property."

Dorothy laid the letters in Miss Dunbar's lap without a word and went to her own room, where a fire was burning in the open fire-place, and throwing off hat and wraps seated herself in a low chair, and opened the two or three which were her own share of the morning mail. But she had hardly begun one of them, when she heard Miss Dunbar's step in the hall, and in a moment her voice, quick and agitated.

"Where are you, Dorothy?"

Dorothy threw open her door, and stood in amazement as Miss Dunbar came in. Never in all their years together had she ever seen her so moved, and after one or two attempts to speak she suddenly broke down, and for a few moments cried and laughed together. Dorothy stood by her, uncertain what to do, and drawing a long breath of relief as Miss Dunbar became quiet and leaned her head against the girl's shoulder.

"How shameful to frighten you, dear child!" she said presently, with a look at the troubled face. "If it had been bad news I should have been perfectly quiet; but to have so much that was good come at once was such a relief that I have been just as foolish as I never expected to be. Sit down here, Dorothy. I am ready to talk it all over now."

"Had you better?" Dorothy said, anxiously.

"I don't wonder at your doubt," Miss Dunbar answered, with a smile. "You are not accustomed to such a method of beginning. No, dear; I am all right now, and only anxious you should know all there is to know."

Dorothy took her place near her, and waited silently.

"You remember that morning that Mr. Pettis came

here some weeks ago?" Miss Dunbar began. "He had just got back from Burlington, and in Burlington he had made a discovery that astonished him. When your father died, dear, all the papers of every sort came into my brother's hands; that is, it was supposed every one did. But it has proved that one never came to his knowledge. Mr. Pettis had an old client in Burlington, a man your father knew well, who was interested in the mining stock, and who, if he had had any capital, would have gone into it with John. He had something else, however. His brother had been one of those California Argonauts of '49 who settled in California, and who bought land near Sacramento, the title of which he transferred to him in payment of some loan made when he went out there. Nobody knew whether it would ever be worth anything or not; but this title was all the capital Mr. Humphreys had. It took John's fancy. I don't know why, for money was the thing he cared for most. He would not give in exchange shares in the mine of which Henry had knowledge, but transferred to him some which he had but recently taken himself. The strangest part of it is that, in having had all the necessary papers made out, he had the transfer made to Prescott Waite, not John. Do you see? And then, instead of taking them with him, left them with Orrin Humphreys. He was traveling from place to place, and perhaps did not want the trouble of them. They were put in an old secretary full of pigeon-holes and little cupboards, and stayed there a year or two, the constant expectation being that John would send for them."

"In the meantime Mr. Humphreys moved to another office, taking everything with him, and when the news of John's death came, his first thought was to get the papers and forward them to Henry, whom he knew also, as I have said. He was alarmed at finding no trace of them—turned out everything, and at last went through every possible hiding place, thinking that he might have moved them and forgotten it. He emptied safe and boxes, and the accumulation of years, opening every paper, and finding no trace of the missing one. Certain that it must soon be found, he told no one, but waited, expecting that he would hear either from Henry or from whatever lawyer might be in charge of the estate. You can see how it might run on in this way—the man not intending fraud at all, but letting it all go till some reason should arise for action. One thing he did do. The California brother, of course, had no news of the transfer, but supposed that the land was still in Orrin Humphreys' hands. He kept him informed of every rise in value, paid taxes and attended to all necessary forms, and in time it might have been sold for a large advance. This the Burlington man was afraid to do, but as the pressure increased he leased it to a famous grape grower of that region, the father of

Eleanor Frankford, who had gone there for his health, and who has bought a great deal of land."

Miss Dunbar paused a moment. She was still pale, but Dorothy was too intent on her story to think of stopping her, and was simply silent, waiting to hear more.

"You would think that this Humphreys would have made some inquiries about your Uncle Prescott," Miss Dunbar went on; "but he never did. So far as I can understand it all, he meant to be honest and tell the facts some day. But he had little money. He was afraid of being made responsible in some way for even more than this, and so never consulted or told any one till this very August, fourteen years after the original transaction, when an accident opened the way for him. The office was in an old building, and one night the ceiling fell, a great mass of it in the corner where this secretary stood. The top part held books and was badly broken, requiring to be unscrewed and taken off for mending. When this was done and the board at the top of the lower part was taken off, there, between the desk part and the back were half a dozen papers which had worked out from one of the compartments, and among them the missing transfer.

"In all these years Humphreys had never tried to find out anything about your Uncle Prescott, but now he made up his mind to go up to Lowgate and see for himself, and would have gone had he not met Mr. Pettis, who had once been his lawyer in some small suit. He called him in, and by degrees the whole story was extracted from him, only bit by bit, though, for he hated to admit his own weakness, and Mr. Pettis had to really threaten him before he would tell exactly how it had all happened. The mining stock had proved worthless, and he seemed to fancy that he should be entitled to reclaim the land, which brings in a small income yearly, and which Mr. Frankford had been anxious from the beginning to add to his own. This is the story Mr. Pettis had to tell me that morning, and there is something almost as strange that you shall hear presently. The next question was, just what course had better be taken, and your Uncle Horace volunteered to go on and carry out any instructions that might be given him. All business matters have always been left in Mr. Pettis's charge, you know. He attended to all details years ago, and had a power of attorney to act for your Uncle Prescott, who would never communicate with Henry personally. His idea was that the land should be sold at once, and the money invested for immediate use and benefit, but it seemed best to say nothing whatever until the thing had been thoroughly investigated, lest there might be some complication that would still spoil everything. It has taken longer than I thought it would, but this letter settles it all. The sale has been made, and Horace writes that Mr. Frankford has become the owner precisely as he wished to do, and that the amount paid, with the yearly rental which Humphreys put in the Burlington Bank as it came in, amounts to just nine thousand dollars."

Dorothy sprang up with a little cry.

"Do you mean that there is really that for Sybil—for all of them? Nine thousand dollars. It's as good as millions. Auntie!"

Dorothy stopped short and grew very pale for a moment, then, after a long breath or two, recovered herself and stood looking intently into Miss Dunbar's face.

"I think you have had precisely my thought, Dorothy. We have never called this—I am so glad we never have—anything but 'the old Waite mansion'; have we, child? It is very evident that it is to be 'the

old Waite mansion' once more, and the sooner the better. The other piece of news I have for you will help it all out wonderfully."

"You don't mean to go away. You can't mean to go away altogether, just when it seems so like home!" Dorothy cried.

"No, dear; certainly not yet. In fact, it seems to me that the summer must always be spent here. But I propose to give up this house, which, so far as actual cash value is concerned, amounts to very little, and to take instead the one the other side of Dr. Cushing's. It was built at the same time as this, but is in better repair; and you know that the little old lady, who has lived in one corner of it, wants to sell and go to her son at Bellow's Falls. It will be the simplest possible thing to make the transfer. I have talked it over with Mr. Pettis. Sybil could not be told, because there would be a thousand objections. She must know nothing till everything is positively settled, and then she will be needed in many ways. What I hope to do is, to accomplish the whole thing by Christmas. Whatever I pay for Mrs. Mooney's old place will be deducted from the sum Mr. Frankford has paid for the land, and thus, if your Uncle Prescott ever has full consciousness again, he will know that he has bought back his own and is under no obligation to any one. Mr. Pettis says I can get the Mooney place for two thousand dollars, and that will leave seven thousand to be invested. Mr. Pettis will attend to that."

"Oh, if it were only more!" Dorothy sighed.

"I am very thankful it is not a penny more," said Miss Dunbar, emphatically. "Nothing could be worse for Sybil than to come suddenly to full ease and no necessity for work. I don't say that it would spoil her, but I do say that, to have enough to set them absolutely above want, yet not enough to mean *all* she wants, is the very happiest state. I don't think she would be spoiled by money, but I am glad there will be no temptation."

Dorothy looked doubtful still; then asked suddenly,

"What is the other piece of news? You said that there was something else. I hope it is good news."

"Good in one way, very," Miss Dunbar answered, with a little sigh, "and only bad in that it brings up uncomfortable memories. You remember that when I told you the story of your father's life, I told you that Henry removed everything from this house and sent it off. Mr. Pettis could not find out what he intended to do with it all, but concluded he would sell the library at least, and very probably the furniture. He did neither."

"You don't mean that you know where everything is—everything they were all so fond of?" Dorothy cried, springing up again.

"Everything," Miss Dunbar answered, almost equally excited. "There is an old house in Burlington, on the road to Rock Point, where an old man and his wife have lived for years. Just what was in Henry's mind we shall never know; but he knew the man, and settled with him that he should take in everything, using nothing, but storing it all in two empty rooms. There it has staid, books and all, till this same Humphreys, who knew about the matter at the time, and supposed that Henry might be coming to live in Burlington, told Mr. Pettis when he told all the rest. Everything belongs to me, of course, in the same way that this house does. I shall go down to Burlington—we will both go—and see in what condition things are, and then we will arrange to have everything moved back here—when the right time comes. I think, Dorothy, that perhaps

we may all keep Christmas together, and I think, too," she added slowly, "that Henry will be glad—he must be glad by this time—that restitution and atonement can come through one of his own blood, and that the wrong that his twisted nature made him do will cease in its outward shape. The inward one—no one here can right for him. That is a question that they will settle by and by, face to face."

Dorothy was silent. So many new thoughts had come in that she could follow no one of them continuously, but lost herself in a thousand speculations. At once John had come up before her, and she wondered how he would be affected, and longed to have him share in her knowledge, realizing in a moment that she must be more guarded than ever, but determining once more to ask that Miss Dunbar might be told.

"I wish it were possible to do it all by Thanksgiving," Miss Dunbar said at last. "Thanksgiving means so much more than Christmas in this region. It comes the very last of the month and to-day is the seventh, Dorothy!"

Dorothy's eyes were shining.

"How delicious to have you just as impatient as I am!" she said. "It's a little complicated, though. To move out, and really to settle two houses, and nobody here with the least notion of haste."

"I think a good many reasons can be given for haste.

Mrs. Mooney must be made to think that her own Thanksgiving dinner can be eaten nowhere but at her son's, and I know that Mr. Pettis will urge matters without seeming to urge. He is just as interested as we are. Suppose you go out this afternoon and ask him to come in when he can—this evening, if possible. We can arrange things easily enough if he finds he can manage Mrs. Mooney."

"It's tragedy and it's comedy, like everything else," said Dorothy, after a wild dance around the room, the first steps of which she had forced Miss Dunbar to share. "I believe everything in this world is always just such a mix. I could cry, and I shall certainly cry and laugh both when I see Sybil. How can I keep from telling her? I won't tell her! Don't be afraid—not one word till the day comes," and suddenly sitting down, Dorothy did cry in good earnest.

"There!" she said, presently, smiling again. "Now the nonsense part is all over, and I shall be as sensible as I ought to be. But what do you suppose everybody will say; and, oh, wont the What-to-Do's be lost in amazement when they hear the appointment for the meeting after Thanksgiving! Do you suppose we can have them in between, with all there is to do? Never mind. Don't answer. I'm going to think over things and be just dead still for ten minutes, and then I will go over and see Mr. Pettis."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROSEMARY.

"That's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember."—*Hamlet*.

I TURNED the leaves of a book to-day;

'Twas only the old, old strain
Of poor Ophelia's hapless love,
And weary, maddened brain.

And as I read of her, there fell
From out the leaves a spray
Of faded rosemary, we laid
To mark the place one day.

No need of that poor withered flower
To bring the past to me;

For in my heart grows ever green
The living rosemary.

Yet, as I backward look across
The dim and faded years,
I scarce can see the face I loved
Through veil of falling tears.

Dear friend, I dream of you to-day,
And memories bud and blow;
I lay them on your distant grave,
White with its early snow.

MARY H. OLMSTEAD.

SONNET.

OH, brown leaf! tossed before the wind's wild blast,
Do thoughts come to you now of soft June skies,
Of Zephyr's kisses, with their glad surprise,
Of shadows dim, from far-off cloud-fleets cast?
Do daisies white still star the meadows sere?
Or list you low for Bobolink's wild trill,
While faint, sweet memories all your being thrill?

Grieves your heart sorely for its dying year?
Your voice is hushed; my own must speak your pain;
My Spring began with yours. O withered leaf!
Each day I live those rare still hours again;
And, from my heart's great gladness, know your grief.
Your bliss, alas! the Winter's breath must chill;
My Spring of love Eternity shall fill.

KATHERINE LENTE-STEVENSON.

MIGMA.

THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF THE CONTINENT IS NOW AT 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK. Mail Matter not so addressed is necessarily delayed, and is far more likely to be lost altogether than if sent direct. Editors of exchanges, publishers of books intended for review, and ALL CORRESPONDENTS will please note the change. The Philadelphia office will be kept open for the reception of subscriptions and advertisements, but parties who have to address us by mail should do so at the New York office.

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A. O. BUNNELL, of the Danville, N. Y., *Advertiser*, is one of the brightest and most humorous men in the country, though only those who are privileged to be counted among his best friends ever learn the real fun that is hidden behind his super-solemn phiz. The editor of THE CONTINENT, having recently strayed into one of the interior towns of the state, on a lecture tour, found lying on the table in the room appropriated to him at his hotel the following letter, which is worthy of a place in "Hood's Own": "Dear Judge: This will introduce you to my big brother, Major M. J. Bunnell, who, if he does not bring it himself, will certainly follow soon afterward. He is a handsomer man than I am, but not near so good. While I am only a man of words, he is a man of deeds, as his title indicates, also the fact that he is County Clerk. If he gets started (especially on his army experiences) you may find him a man of words, too; in which case I pity you."

We "got him started," and at three o'clock in the morning went to bed, voting the big brother entirely worthy to claim relationship with the *Advertiser* man.

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A GOOD story is told of General Grant during his visit to Mexico for the purpose of negotiating the treaty in regard to which so much hubbub has recently been made. It is said that the Mexican government, anxious to do honor to the representatives of the United States, devised a reception and pyrotechnic display of no little magnificence on the occasion of their arrival at the Aztec capital. The one thing lacking was some method of providing for the expense of the ovation. This was finally met by cutting down and deferring the pay of the army for the current month. Among the decorations was a triumphal arch spanning the main street, under which the silent warrior and his retinue were expected to pass and across which the English word "Welcome" was to be displayed in the flaming points of numerous gas jets. When the time arrived the procession approached, the soldiers standing under arms, the jets were lighted, and the pyrotechnic display began. By some accident the points constituting the letter "W" failed to catch, and instead of "WELCOME" the flickering jets displayed to the eyes of the wondering populace the letters "ELCOM," constituting the two Spanish words "El come" ("He eats"). The Northern conqueror approached heralded by bands of martial music. The soldiers glanced at his imperturbable countenance, and one said to his fellow, nudging him slyly with his elbow, "El come" ("He eats"). "So he does," replied the other "and we pay for it." It is said that the General does not tell the story on himself, but after the wholesome truth he has lately ut-

tered in rebuke of his myriad slanderers, he will hardly object to a laugh at his expense ament his Mexican expedition.

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MORE or less unconscious of what is at present the chief thought of authors on this side the Atlantic, an organization called, "The Company of Authors," has sent out a preliminary prospectus in England in which it proposes to itself four varieties of occupation. International Copyright, of course, comes first, but no practical method of action is formulated. The promotion of a Bill for the Registration of Titles follows, and some space is devoted to giving the difficulties that encompass an author in search of a new title, a more difficult matter than the outsider would suppose. "All the short proverbs in the language are used up; all the better known poetic phrases have served in their turn; and an incredible number of names have been invented and combined. If registration were made compulsory in order to secure a title, there are so many thousands of titles in which it would be mere waste of time and trouble to maintain any right that an immense relief would be immediately felt. The grievance is really greater than it seems because, rightly or wrongly, the tribe of novelists attach so much importance to the title." The third object to be accomplished is that millennial attitude of the lion and the lamb, the lamb is fully certain of remaining outside the lion, which is typical of the relation between author and publisher, when the ameliorating influences of "The Company of Authors" have been brought to bear. The prospectus insists that the interests of authors and publishers are identical, and points out that the author is, in many cases, to blame in any disputes which may arise between himself and his publisher; and this from sheer ignorance of everything connected with the trade of publishing. It is devoutly to be hoped that the efforts of the Company to "maintain friendly relations" between author and publisher may be appreciated on both sides. Lastly, the Association will advise and assist the inexperienced writer in many useful ways. The Company is not apparently intended for trading purposes at all, and does not propose to establish itself as a publishing house. The prospectus, in fact, points to an experiment which is entirely new in the history of literature—the combination of authors for the advancement and protection of their own interests. We shall watch its development and progress with considerable interest.

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A STALWART Tennessean of the straitest sect of the Bourbons writes to the editor: "I have been reading your articles on National Education and am sick and tired of this hypocritical Yankee cant about "educating" and "elevating" the nigger. You know, just as well as I do, that it can't be done. All this clamor about National Education, enlightening the ballot and danger from Southern ignorance, is just another form of that abolition fanaticism that never could mind its own business. You know that the negro is not and cannot be made the equal of the white man. He can take on a little education, but what good does it do him? It only serves to make him dissatisfied with the position in which God and nature have placed him. The North

could not be satisfied to leave him in his place as a slave. The horde of red-mouthed fanatics clamored and frothed and whined about equality and the rights of man and the sacredness of human liberty until war came; the land was overrun with slaughter; blood was upon every man's hand, and hatred in every man's heart. Then, when the nation was rent in twain and the South was utterly despoiled and prostrate under the foot of the conqueror, they put the ballot in the hands of the freedman for the sole purpose of completing her degradation. Finding that ignorance and poverty, with the natural incapacity and utterly corrupt and unreliable character of the negro were insufficient to hold the white people of the South in subjection, the cry is now raised that they should be educated and elevated. The only purpose of this movement is to put the people of the South under 'nigger rule' again. Isn't it about time that the fanatics of New England, and of the North generally, let the South alone to recover from the effects of their folly and oppression as best it may? I could never understand what business the North had to interfere in the matter of slavery. It didn't disturb them, even supposing it to have been wrong. It was our act, and we took the responsibility. What right had the abolitionist to interfere with our domestic institutions? So, now that the negro is free and a voter, what business is it of the people of the North whether he can read and write or not? We have to live with him; we have to govern him; we have to suffer for his weakness and folly; and we ought to be allowed to manage him in our own way. If the North would just take the negroes away and leave us to look after ourselves, we should be quite content. What is it that keeps the South down, prevents immigration, development and manufactures here? The presence of the negro and nothing else. If he was out of the way, Tennessee would be filled up with German and other foreign laborers in less than twelve months. The North cares nothing for this. It has no regard for our interest or prosperity. The more it can add to our burdens the better it is pleased. Such fanatics as you fully understand that the educated nigger is only an instrument of the most exquisite torture to every white man of the South. The thumb screws, rack, and all the ancient inventions for producing suffering are as nothing compared with the perils, apprehension, oppression and degradation consequent upon the continuance of these attempts to raise the African to power.

"Even if it were possible that he should become the equal of the white man in intellect and capacity, why should the people of the North seek to degrade their white brethren of the South by exalting this hostile, alien race into power. At the South or the North the colored man can never be assimilated with the white. What you say about his rapid increase in the Southern states is unfortunately true. If it continue, what must be the result? The black man must crowd out the white, or the white man must either exterminate or repress the colored man. Every effort toward his elevation, while it is hopeless in itself, is a most efficient means for the degradation of the white people of the South. Isn't it about time that the people of the North should begin to understand that the white people of the South are their brethren, and entitled to their sympathy rather than their hatred and oppression? The time is not far distant when the South must be abandoned to the colored race, or the white people, North and South, must unite to hold them in subjection."

This, omitting certain adjectives and not a little vituperation, intended especially for the editor, is the

message of an angry, but, no doubt, honest and earnest Southern man. We know the class to which he belongs very thoroughly. We are not surprised at his indignation; nor, because of the view he takes, are we inclined to consider him either malicious or cruel. From his standpoint, he speaks the words of truth, and does not utter a single sentiment which is not the natural and legitimate result of his previous life and inherited tendencies. Moreover, his letter presents one side—and it is a most important side—of the great question which we believe that national education is the only method of resolving. If the ignorance of the South be allowed to grow and fester, as it has done heretofore, the day of eruption must surely come. Violence and bloodshed alone can then bring a tardy and terrible solution. Our correspondent thinks that education injures the negro. Without doubt a little education is not enough to transplant any race or people from semi-barbarism to the plane of the highest civilization and utmost sanctity of life, in an hour, a year, a generation, or even a century. The ignorance and incapacity which are the product of ages, cannot be pruned away in an hour. A school-house on every hill-top, with a whip in the hands of competent officers to drive black and white to the fountains of education, would not make the ignorant colored man, the "poor-white," or even our correspondent, capable of voting with intelligence upon all questions affecting public weal in a year, perhaps not in a lifetime. But open school-houses and the dominion of the spelling-book will do something toward it every day. And there is no nearer, no shorter, no easier, *no other way*.

The colored man, the poor white, the ignorant man of the South, of whatever race or color, must go up the hill of knowledge to the temple of liberty. If he does not go there to worship, he surely will go there to destroy. If six millions of *educated* blacks prove a dangerous element in Southern society; six millions of *ignorant* blacks are an infinitely more dangerous element. The influence of knowledge upon every man is to increase the limit of his horizon. The ignorant man sees only to-day. The educated man takes bond of to-morrow. They may be equally selfish; but the selfishness of the one looks to the mere gratification of sense—the seizing of present advantage. The selfishness of the other looks forward to business and prosperity as the safeguard of the future and the hope of another generation. If the colored race increases in the future as it has in the past, and remains only near its present stage of intellectual development, our correspondent is right in declaring that nothing but blood and force can solve the problem of the joint occupancy of the country by these two widely separated races. The only hope of avoiding the struggle that would make a battle-field of every hearthstone at the South, and bring to our country the horrors of a domestic turmoil unequalled in the world's history, is an intelligence that shall modify the prejudice of the white, and enlarge the discretion, and elevate the aims of the African.

BUT our rampant Tennessean must not think because these things are true that the Northern man has no interest in the matter, and that the measures which we advocate are designed for the humiliation of the Southern people. On the contrary, they are intended quite as much for his (the white man's) safety and prosperity as for the elevation of the colored man. So far as our national interest is concerned, it is probably true that the masses of the Northern people are far more surprised than gratified to learn that the negro, instead of being

cast out of the political arena, seems only just to have come in it, so far as their personal interests are concerned. While he remained a slave he was powerless to do any evil. Whether slavery was right or wrong was a mere abstract question so far as the people of the North were concerned. Whether the colored man was happier in the state of bondage than he could be in a condition of freedom was a matter that concerned only the individual enslaved. Just as soon as he became a free man, however, and more especially when he became a voter, the African came into our politics as a potent and irrepressible factor. The influence of a vote in Tennessee is felt to the farthest corner of Oregon. The power that rules a republic cannot be swayed by ignorance without the whole nation suffering in consequence. The interest which the Northern man has in the intelligence of the colored man and the white man of the South is the interest that one feels in the intelligence, honesty and good will of those who hold the national life in their hands. If our angry reader, who says he likes *THE CONTINENT* "better than any other magazine if we would only keep the nigger out of it" will bear in mind the fact that the sixteen Southern States—*forty per cent of whose voting power is unable to read the ballots that it casts, and a considerable portion of the remainder only just able to do so*—if our friend will remember, and if every citizen of the United States will take note of the fact that *these sixteen states furnish eighty-three per cent of a majority in the Electoral College, in the Senate, and in the House of Representatives, it will easily be seen how vital and intense is the interest that every citizen of every state must have in the enlightenment of the power that thus controls their fate.* It is an interest that overtops all questions of state or sectional pride of race, color, or previous condition. To neglect or delay action in this respect is to leave a flickering torch to cast its livid embers into the explosives of a charged mine, the ramifications of which underlie the whole country.

* *

ANOTHER letter in regard to the articles upon this subject comes from a resident of Saint Charles parish, Iowa. After describing the condition of the schools in that parish the correspondent says:

"Things are not thus because we do not know any better, but for the reason that the state is really unable to do any better. If your friend from Michigan (referring to a correspondent whose letter was printed some weeks since) would come down and spend a month in this region his prejudice against educating the illiteracy of the South by any means whatever must entirely disappear. If it is not the duty of the country it is some one's duty, and must be done at once. I have been a reader of *THE CONTINENT* from its first number, and must say that, though my prejudices were strong against it and its editor, I do not regard it as sectional or biased. On the contrary, it has been more friendly and just to the South than any other magazine ever published at the North. Go on with the good work you have undertaken. Do not think that because your magazine is published at the North and edited by Northern brain that its earnest advocacy of what constitutes our only safety here is not appreciated at the South. Rest assured that it is read and approved, by all in this region who have the true interest of the South at heart. Do all that you can to arouse the feelings of the Northern people, exposing to them the squalid ignorance and dark future of those thousands and millions of our people in order that they may feel the urgent necessity of immediate and effective action upon this subject."

Our correspondent has our hearty thanks for this earnest indorsement for the task we have undertaken.

He need not be afraid of our letting it drop. *THE CONTINENT* has enlisted for the war. For fifteen years its conductor has been engaged almost constantly in the transmission of this idea among the people. The sentiment that now exists in its favor is due very largely to the influence of his works upon the minds and hearts of millions of readers. He believes that the time has now come, and there must be no more delay. *THE CONTINENT* will not cease to cry out early and late, and to urge this matter upon the attention of the people. It is the great overtopping issue of the day. All other questions affecting national life dwindle into insignificance in comparison with it. Especially during the present year we expect to make it the leading feature of *THE CONTINENT*. We welcome communications upon the subject. We wish to hear from the people, high and low, black and white, throughout the whole country. It is needless to expect our legislators to do anything upon this subject or any other, until they feel the spur of public opinion forcing them on to action. The people must speak, and speak constantly and emphatically, in order to obtain results.

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ANOTHER response, this time from the editor of a Republican journal in the state of Missouri, shows how thoroughly awake the right-minded people of the country are in regard to the relations of this subject to the great political parties. We hope our friends will keep it up and let us hear from them week by week. We offer our columns freely and pledge our unremitting effort to give voice to this universal demand of our patriotic countrymen, until no faction of any party shall dare make head against this most important of all public measures. We desire especially to call the attention of our Republican friends who have been inclined to demur as to the responsibility which we have attributed to that party in the past, to the words of one who has had opportunities for observation and for appreciating this evil, somewhat different from those of the Northern philosopher who looks on it from a distance and measures its importance by some pet theory based on mere hypothesis rather than a fact:

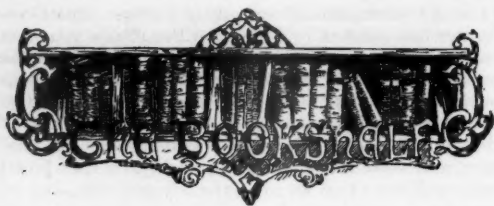
EDITOR OF *THE CONTINENT*:

DEAR SIR: I subscribed for *THE CONTINENT* when its prospectus first appeared and have been a constant reader ever since, and I have always liked it. I admire the spirit of independence that characterized it at the beginning, and I am still an admirer of it. Not only charmed with the literary and artistic excellence of the magazine, but with its manly advocacy of right, truth and justice. But nothing has pleased me more than your stirring, heroic articles on "National Education." You are right. I am a Republican—staunch and true—and the editor of a Republican journal, but I am cognizant of the fact that the Republican party has acted unfairly, and with manifest injustice, toward the freedmen of the South; and I sincerely hope that your brave words, nobly spoken, may awaken a responsive chord in the hearts of our best men, until the "grand old party" that struck the shackles of slavery from the limbs of the negro shall go on in the great work so nobly begun and finish it, by freeing him from the worse bondage of ignorance.

ED. H. REDMAN.

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THE letter from Kansas which we published last week was, as may be inferred from the present number, merely the precursor of a multitude. Through our inadvertence the writer's name was omitted, and as it is a name which carries weight with it, we recur to the subject and tender our acknowledgments to Mr. S. H. Downs, of Topeka.



"DARWINISM IN MORALS," the latest work of Miss Cobbe, contains fourteen articles, reprinted from various English magazines, very characteristic of the author and her philosophy. They are as full of thought as of instruction, for this friend of Theodore Parker is always happy in the presentation of the logic of ethics, and her style is lucidity itself. The first essay, from which the book takes its name, is a review of Darwin's "The Descent of Man;" that on "Hereditary Piety" is a criticism on "Galton's Hereditary Genius;" and "An English Broad-Churchman" is based on the "Life of Rev. F. W. Robertson."

The eighth, ninth and tenth essays, reviewing the Literature and Religion of India and the Life and Writings of Baron Bunsen, are specially valuable. They give in a short space and in clear style the results of much study and thought upon that Morning Land to which every fresh research shows the western world to be so much more indebted than the best scholars of the last century supposed could be the case. While it was impossible for Miss Cobbe to take more than a cursory glance at the Hindoo mind, as revealed in literature and religion, she has sketched the outlines of the field before her with a firm and vigorous hand.

The chapters on Unconscious Cerebration and Dreams, as Illustrations of Involuntary Cerebration, touch upon that strange land into which almost every reader must, at one time or another, have returned from forays made just within its enchanted border. The instances she gives of unconscious or involuntary cerebration might be multiplied indefinitely. She draws a fine distinction between our conscious selves and the automatic action of the brain, which serves as the medium of communication with the outer world, declaring that "we are not centaurs, steed and rider in one, but horsemen, astride of roadsters which obey us when we guide them, and, when we drop the reins, trot a little way of their own accord, or canter off without our permission."

But her conclusions will be hardly considered tenable by the majority of her readers, even though she disclaims affecting the arguments regarding human immortality. She says: "Let us then accept cheerfully the possibility, perhaps, the probability, that science ere long will proclaim the dogma—matter can think. Having humbly bowed to that decree, we shall find ourselves none the worse. Admitting that our brains accomplish much without our conscious guidance, will help us to realize that our relation to them is of a variable, an intermittent, and, we may venture to hope, a terminable kind."

In summing up, Miss Cobbe, while giving much that is interesting to both the churchman, orthodox and the free religionist, will perfectly satisfy neither.

The same remark must apply to another volume, "Religious Duty," in which her convictions as to the power of Theism to furnish "a Religion for the Life, no

less than a Philosophy for the Intellect," are given in full. Yet after a certain dogmatism, which crops out here and there, is set aside, the book as a whole is singularly noble in tone and purpose, reverent in spirit, and full of aspiration and stimulant to aspiration and action. The essay on "Prayer" should be read by every man and woman who limit its application to certain forms, and the whole will be found a notable addition to the list of religious books one would wish to have on that special shelf given to the authors whose works have had power to effect vital changes in thought and purpose.

The modest introduction of Mr. Leader Scott shows so thoroughly his own valuation of the beautiful volume in which his work is presented³ that it is surprising that any critic should fail to be disarmed. He does not even claim to have written history, but writes that the book is "only a pictorial guide through the intricate mazes of the Arts during the four centuries in which they grew, developed and culminated—an outline sketch . . . giving a comparative and chronological idea of the relative position of the different arts to each other at any given era."

As a guide-book, then, and a very sumptuous one, we may take all possible pleasure in the profuse and well-selected illustrations by Mr. Cundall, who has acted as art editor, and use it as a supplement to the valuable works on the Renaissance already in the field. Nothing can take the place of Mr. Symonds' remarkable volumes upon this always fascinating period, when the superstition, ignorance and brutishness of the Dark Ages gave place to a revival of learning and of arts. Lübke has traced it in his "History of Art;" Pater, in his "Studies of the Renaissance" has touched on one and another phase; Ruskin has expounded causes and effects in his own peculiar and always suggestive fashion, and a host of lesser critics have given their interpretation of this fecund and often perplexing time. It is to these writers that we must turn for originality of thought, or treatment, or any individuality of expression. Mr. Scott's style is simple and quiet, and accepting the work accomplished at his own valuation, we may be grateful for a guide-book so sumptuously presented and so filled with illustration of the best that art offered in this time, when art held a higher place than at any period since the decay of that of Greece and Rome.

THE biography of Martin Van Buren, to be included in the "American Statesmen Series," is to be written by the Hon. William Dorsheimer.

THE prize awarded once in five years in Germany for the best historical work has been bestowed upon Professor von Treitschke, who in a recent lecture described Abraham as the "dirtiest old Jew that ever lived," and "a grasping coward."

CORRESPONDENCE was a serious matter in Colonial days, and Judge Samuel Sewall evidently regarded it as such, having kept a copy of almost every letter he wrote, and thus making possible the volume of them, which the Massachusetts Historical Society will soon bring out.

THE British Museum is in possession of the only MS. of Rafael in existence. It is that of his sonnet, which will shortly be published in *fac-simile* in London. It is written on a sheet containing sketches for some of the figures in "Theology," commonly called the "Dispute on the Sacrament," painted in the Vatican about the year 1508-9.

(1) DARWINISM IN MORALS. By Frances Power Cobbe. 12mo, pp. 422, \$2.00; George H. Ellis & Co., Boston.

(2) RELIGIOUS DUTY. By Frances Power Cobbe. 12mo, pp. 311, \$1.00; George H. Ellis & Co., Boston.

(3) THE RENAISSANCE OF ART IN ITALY. By Leader Scott. Imperial 4to, pp. 381. Illustrated, Scribner, Welford & Co, New York.

THE Franklin papers recently published by our government have been utilized by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale and his son, in the preparation of two volumes entitled "Franklin in France," which are to be issued by Roberts Brothers. The papers are said to throw very curious side-lights on the negotiations in which Franklin was engaged.

THE autobiography of Charles Biddle will hardly be of wide interest outside of family connections; for although he certainly had an unusual number of exciting adventures when he went to sea as a youth, and although he not only lived in the thrilling days of the Revolution, but was the friend of Franklin and Aaron Burr, his narrative does not contribute conspicuously to historical curiosity. To the many branches of a large and prominent family, we should think, however, it would be of great interest. (8vo, pp. 423, \$3.00; E. Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.)

"WATTEAU" has been added to the "Illustrated Biographies of Great Artists," a series which has been for some time under way, and which gives in small space not only all essential points in the life under discussion, but a discriminating analysis of the work accomplished, with its effect and tendency. To the many who think of him solely as the source and inspiration of French fan-painting, and associate his name with every preposterous pink-slipped shepherdess of the seventeenth century, the present life will be a revelation, showing as it does how deeply and truly he was—so far as the spirit of his time permitted—the artist with a real purpose and a deep love for his work. Examples of some of its best forms are given, and the little book is as perfectly made as we have learned to know that anything from the press of Scribner & Welford is sure to be. (12mo, pp. 85, \$1.50.)

ONE of the most interesting of the Southern states, Georgia, finds record in a handsome octavo volume, "The History of the State of Georgia," by J. W. Avery, in which the subject is divided into three epochs—"The Decade before the War of 1861-5; The War; The Period of Reconstruction." Portraits of the leading men of the state are given, and the work, which will have further mention in these columns, is carefully executed, and an authority hardly likely to be superseded. (8vo, pp. 754, \$5.00; Brown & Derby, New York.) In close connection with this volume should be taken "A Sketch of the Life and Times and Speeches of Joseph E. Brown," by Herbert Fielder. The story of the energetic politician's life is that of the state also, and the volume has much historical value as well as present interest. (8vo, pp. 783, \$5.00; Springfield, Mass., Printing Co.)

AN exchange describes one of the many old Creole MSS. which have, it is said, been placed in Mr. Cable's hands for use in his stories. It contains the story of an old French lady of New Orleans, written by her own hand at the request of her young friends. The old lady in 1793 was a pretty French countess, married at fourteen to a nobleman many years her elder. Husband and father were both guillotined, and the young wife, seeking to escape, was protected by her father's gardener. In his family she lived as a daughter by adoption till the gardener's son fell in love with her, when, reciprocating his attachment, she became a daughter-in-law. Later this predecessor of Claude Melnotte emigrated with his high-born bride, and ultimately became a prosperous citizen of New Orleans. The story is beautifully told, and the manuscript, like the others in Mr. Cable's possession, is of undoubted authenticity.

THE untiring and indefatigable Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft offers two fat octavos as the result of his work for 1883, with the promise of as much or more for 1884. His system of numbering is a little confusing, unless one remembers constantly that his method is chronological rather than consecutive, and that his plan will, when

complete, make the volumes on each state practically a separate set. It will thus be understood why "The History of the Pacific States, Volume VI," stands also as "Mexico, Volume III," and why the tenth volume is also Volume I of the "North Mexican States." The books are marvels of patient labor, the notes showing from what multitudinous sources the historian has drawn. His method has already been described in these columns, and the results are not only a set of references that will be of deepest service to all future workers in the same field, but a story brilliantly told, and always of interest. It is a life work, and certainly no man could leave a nobler monument of patient toil and worthy labor. (2 vols., 8vo, pp. 700-754; \$5.00 per vol.; A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.)

MR. RICHARD JEFFRIES, whose "Wild Life in a Southern Country," "The Gamekeeper at Home," and various other charming works devoted to out-door subjects, have won their way by their delightful quality, makes his latest appearance, in print, in "The Story of My Heart, an Autobiography." The book is curious and cannot be properly described within moderate limits. It seems to be an attempt to formulate from the author's inner consciousness some explanation of the scheme of things—"the cosmos"—and in part to express a possible conception of an order of ideas into which our present experience and capabilities promise no outlet. The book is therefore vague and patchy. It is charming and distasteful, pungent and illogical, and tells against dogmatism with occasionally a little unmistakable dogmatism of its own. Where there is contact with nature, as for instance, his description of the sea and his communion with the hill-top, the author is most happy and most distinctly in his element. He shows a strange individual mind throughout, even where his communications are least satisfying, and the fascination and force of a style altogether his own never forsake him. (12mo, pp. 183, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

THE time has come when the unhappy book-reviewer lifts up a wail of protest against the addition of even one more to the list of books about books. More and more the century devotes itself to criticism, and more and more the chances of original work are lessened as the spirit increases. We read the thought of another on famous poem or essay rather than the poem or essay itself, and give over our thinking to the hands of these middle-men in literature, who, however wise and true their interpretation may be, are destroying independent judgment. Thus a sense of animosity rises toward Mr. John F. Genung, the estimable gentleman who has chosen to define "Tennyson's In Memoriam, Its Purpose and Its Structure." The volume in which his opinions appear is a marvel of book making—a rivulet of text only on the broad-margined and dainty page, and the whole a pleasure to eye and hand, even when the refined and careful contents are most stoutly protested against. (12mo, pp. 199, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ONLY AN INCIDENT. By Grace Denio Litchfield. 16mo, pp. 226, 75 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BY WAYS OF NATURE AND LIFE. By Clarence Denning. 12mo, pp. 383, \$2.50; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FREDERIC THE GREAT. By Col. C. B. Brackenbury, R.A. The New York Plutarch Series, pp. 266, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NOTES ON WASHINGTON; Or, Six Years at the National Capital. By Jane W. Gemmill. 12mo, pp. 302, \$1.00; E. Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.

REVEALED RELIGION. Expounded by Its Relations to the Moral Being of God. By the Rt. Rev. Henry Cotterill, D.D. Bedell Lecture for 1883. Square 12mo, pp. 117, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. X. North Mexican States. Vol. I. 1531-1800. 8vo, pp. 751, \$5.00; A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.



THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Vigorous preparations are now making for the early dispatch of vessels to the relief of Lieutenant Greeley, supposed to be at Littleton Island, about 1,600 miles north of Disco, Greenland. The sealing steamer *Bear* has been purchased at St. John, N. F., and the steam whaler *Thetis* at Dundee, Scotland. In addition to this it is announced that the British government has presented to the United States the Arctic cruiser *Alert*, to be used in the relief expedition, an act of courtesy which is as graceful as it is timely, and pleasantly recalls a similar act on the part of the United States in returning the *Resolute* some thirty years ago. This will make a fleet of three able vessels, which it is understood will be manned by a full complement of about 120 volunteers, recruited in the large cities of the United States. That every berth will be filled as rapidly as the necessary examinations can be made no one who knows the Anglo-Saxon love of adventure will for a moment doubt. However strong may be the objections against Arctic expeditions as such, there can be no doubt about the duty of the government to do all in its power for the rescue of this party. The *Scientific American* epitomizes the events which have rendered necessary these energetic measures; and as many people do not rightly understand the circumstances of the case, we quote its substance herewith:

"For the solution of certain meteorological problems, Lieut. Weyprecht, the Austrian explorer, now dead, proposed a scheme of simultaneous observation to be undertaken jointly in Arctic regions by the leading nations of the world. At the three international Polar Conferences, held at Hamburg in 1879, at Berne in 1880, and at St. Petersburg in 1881, the programme and details were settled. At the last meeting it was decided to delay the beginning of the enterprise from 1881, as first proposed, until 1882. Preparations had been made in this country, however, for carrying out our part of the original programme; and in the summer of 1881 two expeditions set out, one for the northernmost point of Alaska, under Lieut. P. H. Ray, the other under Lieut. A. W. Greeley for Discovery Harbor, Lady Franklin Bay, 81° 50' N. lat. and 65° W. long., 500 miles from the Pole. The other ten stations selected were: Fort Ray, north of Manitoba, by the British; Cumberland Island, north of Hudson's Bay, by the Germans; Goodhaab, Greenland, by the Danes; Jan Mayen Island, by Austria; Spitzbergen, by the Swedes; Bosskopp, near North Cape, by Norway; a point near the White Sea, by Finland; Nova Zembla, by the Russians, who had another station at the mouth of the Lena River in Siberia; and Dickson Haven, near the mouth of the Yenisei River, by the Dutch.

"The Dutch expedition failed to reach its destination, having been caught in the ice in the Kara Sea. Observations were made during the winter, however, and the party made good their escape when their vessel sank, on the breaking up of the ice in the following summer. All the other expeditions were successful, with the possible exception of the most northerly one of all, that of Lieut. Greeley, at Discovery Harbor, from which nothing has been heard.

"The Greeley party, numbering twenty-four in all, sailed from St. John's in August, and reached their destina-

tion easily; the *Proteus*, which conveyed them, had no trouble from the ice either going or returning. The colony was provided with a house, with boats, and with provisions and stores for two years. Near them was a bed of good coal, so that they were sure of a plentiful supply of fuel. It was agreed that a relief party should be sent them the following summer, to replenish their stores and bring away any that might be sick. If that should fail to reach them, an effort should be made to bring them all away the next summer, 1883. In the event that the second expedition should fail to appear, the colony were to abandon the station not later than the first of September, 1883, and make their way to Littleton Island, where supplies would be left them, in case they were not previously picked up. The first relief expedition was stopped by ice long before it reached the neighborhood of the colonists. It made a deposit of provisions and stores at Cape Sabine, near the south extremity of Smith's Sound, 250 miles south of Discovery Harbor, and returned home. The attempt made last summer, in two vessels, to reach and succor the colonists failed disastrously; one of the vessels, the *Proteus*, was lost, and no stores were left for the retreating colonists when they should reach Littleton Island. Of course, nothing can be known of the fate of the party until news is brought from the North, and all surmises as to its present condition are purely speculative."

THE HISTORY OF THE ALPHABET beautifully exemplifies the theory of development, as is amply proven by Isaac Taylor, an English writer who has recently published two volumes entitled "The Alphabet," "An Account of the Origin and Development of Letters." The author has been able, by means of recent discoveries in regard to early inscriptions, to trace the Roman alphabet back to its earliest beginning, probably some three thousand years ago. There are no better letters, he thinks, than those of the Italian printers of the fifteenth century. These were copied from the wonderful manuscript missals of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and thus in turn from the Roman writings of the Augustan age. The Roman letters are traced to those used at Rome in the third century B.C., and these do not differ greatly from forms used in the earliest existing specimens of Latin writing, dating from the fifth century B.C. This primitive alphabet of Rome was derived from a local form of the Greek alphabet, in use about the sixth century B.C.; a variety of the earliest Greek alphabet belonging to the eighth, or even the ninth century B.C. The Greeks had their letters from the Phœnicians, and theirs are clearly traceable in the most ancient known form of the Semitic. The nineteenth century B.C. is regarded by Mr. Taylor as the approximate date of the origin of alphabetic writing, and from that time it grew by slow degrees, while from Egypt the Jews carried the knowledge of the alphabet in all directions. The oldest known "A B C" in existence is a child's alphabet, scratched on a little ink bottle of black ware, found in one of the oldest Greek settlements in Italy, attributed to the fifth century B.C. The earliest letters and many later ones are known only by inscriptions, and the rapid increase, by recent discoveries, of these fragments has inspired more diligent research, and quickened the zeal of students throughout the world. As late as 1876 there were found in Cyprus some bronze plates inscribed with Phœnician characters, dating back to the tenth, even the eleventh, century B.C. Each epoch has its fragments, and the industry of English explorers, the perseverance of German students, and the genius of French scholars have all contributed to group them in their proper order. Coins, engraved gems, inscribed statues, and, last of all, the Siloam inscription, found in 1880 at Jerusalem, on the wall of an old tunnel, have supplied new material for the history. From the common mother of many alphabets, the Phœnician, are descended the Greek and other European

systems on the one side, including that which we use and have the greatest interest in; and on the other, the alphabets of Asia, from which have sprung those of the East, Syriac, Arabic and Hebrew. The most ancient of books, a papyrus found at Thebes, and now preserved in the French National Library, supplies the earliest forms of the letters used in the Semitic alphabet. The Stone Tables of the Law could have been possible to the Jews only because of their possession of an alphabet, and thus the Bible and modern philological science unite in ascribing a common origin to the alphabet which is in daily use throughout the world.

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SUSPENDED animation in the case of a certain famous "desert snail" is described in Dr. Woodward's manual of the Mollusca. This particular snail was brought from Egypt to England and turned over to the proper authorities in the British Museum. These authorities were ignorant of the fact that his snailship was alive, and consequently gummed him upon a card, mouth downward, and labeled him "*Helix desertorium*." Being a snail of a retiring and contented disposition, says the *Cornhill*, accustomed to long droughts and corresponding naps in his native sand-wastes, our mollusk thereupon simply curled himself up into the topmost recesses of his own whorls, and went placidly to sleep in perfect contentment for an unlimited period. Every conchologist takes it for granted, of course, that the shells which he receives from foreign parts have had their inhabitants properly boiled and extracted before being exported; for it is only the mere outer shell or skeleton of the animal that we preserve in our cabinets, leaving the actual flesh and muscles of the creature himself to wither unobserved upon its native shores. At the British Museum the desert snail might have snoozed away his inglorious existence unsuspected but for a happy accident which attracted public attention to his remarkable case in a most extraordinary manner. Nearly four years later it was casually observed that the card on which he reposed was slightly discolored, and this discovery led to the suspicion that perhaps a living animal might be immured within the shell. The museum authorities accordingly ordered our friend a warm bath (who shall say hereafter that science is unfeeling!) upon which the grateful snail, waking up at the touch of the unfamiliar moisture, put his head cautiously out of his shell, walked up to the top of the basin, and began to take a cursory survey of British institutions with his four eye-bearing tentacles. So strange a recovery from a long torpid condition, only equalled by that of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, deserved an exceptional amount of scientific recognition. The desert snail at once awoke and found himself famous. Nay, he actually sat for his portrait to an eminent zoological artist, Mr. Waterhouse, and a wood-cut from the sketch thus procured, with a history of his life and adventures, may be found even unto this day in the manual referred to.

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INTERESTING ROMAN DISCOVERIES.—Some very interesting Roman sepulchral discoveries have been made lately at Mayence, in the carrying out of some considerable excavations and earthworks required for carrying the Ludwigsbahn Railroad around the city. Close to the Neuthor the workmen came upon a place of considerable extent, evidently assigned to the sepulchre of civilians. A large number of large and small stone coffins were found at irregular distances from each other, the intervening spaces having been occupied by wooden coffins, as it proved by the fragments and the nails which were found. One stone coffin bore a plate, which seems to have previously served as the "headstone" of a former grave; and all the indications suggest that the place had been used at successive periods as a place of burial. Most

of the graves that were opened contained skeletons of women and children, with which lay bracelets, rings, needles, censers for burning incense, etc. There was one metal coffin, in which lay a woman skeleton, but without any inscription or ornament. In the children's graves there were toys and other objects, generally of beautiful workmanship, such as little bracelets, glass and earthenware utensils, etc. There was one little polished goblet of singular beauty. One stone coffin (the inscription on which contained some mistakes) held the body of a woman dressed with lime for the purpose of preservation, having the back hair arranged in a long plait of eight strands, woven with great elegance, and the clearly discernible remains of a cap. The hair is now red, but most probably was once black. There was in the coffin a stone needle-case, ornamented with gold bands, two bone dice, a wooden casket with bronze mountings, the key of which was in excellent preservation, and a bronze ring. As to other objects found in the place, a small bronze figure of a dancing Bacchante, three black earthenware water vials, beautifully painted, and bearing the following inscriptions: "Vivas mi," "Bibe," "Dos," were especially deserving of notice. A quantity of silver and bronze coins were found, ranging from the time of Hadrian to the end of the third century.

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BEEF JUICE AND BEEF TEA.—Persons who partake freely of beef tea on an empty stomach are frequently surprised at finding themselves affected as if they had taken a strong cup of coffee. This, however, is perfectly natural, for, says Prof. Roberts Bartholow, of the Jefferson Medical College, "Nothing has been more conclusively shown than that beef tea is not a food. It is nothing more than a stimulant. The chemical composition of beef tea closely resembles that of urine, and it is more an excrementitious substance than a food. In preparing beef juice, the lean part of the beef should be selected. This should be cut into thick pieces about the size of a lemon squeezer. The pieces should be next placed upon a hot coal fire for a moment, to sear the exterior; the meat is then transferred to the lemon squeezer, which has been warmed by dipping in hot water, and the juice pressed out and allowed to flow into the glass, which has also been heated. The juice is seasoned with a little salt and cayenne pepper, if the patient desires it, and taken immediately. In this way the nutritious elements of the meat are obtained, and the slight scorching develops constituents which give the peculiar flavor to cooked meat." This is for a diet, the principal of which is the administration of those elements which are disposed of in the stomach, and do not require the aid of the intestines in their digestion.

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DRIED FISH ROE is a common article of food along the sea coast of the Middle Atlantic and Southern States, and the rafters of coastwise cabins are frequently decorated with festoons of the not very inviting looking smoked roe, which, when cooked, is a royal dish. The *Scientific American* acknowledges "the receipt of a fine specimen of the fish-egg food prepared by the native Indians of British Columbia. The specimen received consists of a small branch of cedar, the leaves of which are thickly coated with dried fish-eggs. Our correspondent says the eggs of the specimen sent are from a small fish that abounds in the waters of Vancouver's Sound, and are collected by making a mattress of cedar twigs and sinking them in shallow places until the fish have deposited their spawn, when the twigs are raised and the spawn allowed to dry. When wanted for use, they are simply soaked and eaten. When the spruce boughs are taken out of the water every particle of the original green was covered with a thick coating of eggs."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Teddy McGuire to Paddy O'Flynn.

Och, Paddy O'Flynn,
Are yez at it agin—
Drink-drinking away wid the lame and the lazy?
Sure it's small wit yez had,
At yer soberest, lad.
So what can it be whin yer head has gone crazy
Wid whisky and gin?
Foolish Paddy O'Flynn.
Och, Paddy O'Flynn,
See the pickle yer in!
Bare elbows and toes, dhirt and raggedness, Paddy.
Saint Patrick would shame
To be spakin' yer name;
Wouldn't own yes a son of ould Ireland, me laddy;
But the divils would grin
To see Paddy O'Flynn!
Och, Paddy O'Flynn,
While yer spendin' for gin,
Or whisky, gossoon, what yer nadin' for dinner,
Yer mither half dead
For praties and bread,
Sits cryin' her eyes out—ye graceless young sinner—
Not worth a bent pin,
Drunken Paddy O'Flynn!
Och, Paddy O'Flynn,
Sich a wurld as we're in,
Topsy-turvey wid sorrow, how can yez be makin'
More trouble and care,
More grafe and despair;
More wapin' and wailing' and bitter heart-breakin',
More vileness and sin,
Wicked Paddy O'Flynn.
Och, Paddy O'Flynn!
Aich tumbler of gin
Is an ocean too dape for a sowl—it betrays ye;
Whin once yez go down
Ye're certain to drown.
If yez float, the say-sarpent is likely to saze ye;
And where are yez thin,
Wretched Paddy O'Flynn?
Och, Paddy O'Flynn!
Shtand up and begin
To look like a crature half-dacent and human!
Fath, I'll give yez me hand
Wid a bit of me land,
And I'll lind yez a shpade, and I'll kape the ould woman,
Till yer crops ye get in,
Neighbor Paddy O'Flynn.
Och, Paddy O'Flynn!
There's a heaven to win.
Hooray! smash the glass, shpill the shtuff, so defilin'!
How the divils will howl
Whin they see yer poor sowl
Makin' tracks up the sky wid the angels all smilin',
To welcome yez in,
Happy Paddy O'Flynn!

Paddy O'Flynn to Teddy McGuire.

Och, Teddy McGuire!
Me heart's batin' higher
To be gratin' yez here on American sile.
'Tis tin years, bedad,
Since I saw yez, me lad,
On that sorrowful day whin I left the Grane Isle;
A friend ye had been
To poor Paddy O'Flynn;
Ye had loved him and lifted him out of the mire,
And me mither died blessin' yez, Teddy McGuire.

Och, Teddy McGuire,
I can spake like the squire;
But the ould tongue is best, when I mate an ould friend;
Here's a watch in me vest,
Like a birrd in its nest—
I've praties in plenty and money to spend.
Come home wid me, thin,
And see Mistress O'Flynn,
And she'll trate yez to somethin' ye're sure to desire;
It's a bountiful counthry, dear Teddy McGuire.

Och, Teddy McGuire,
No nade to inquire
If I've been at the whisky-jug. Here is my hand,
As dacent and clane
As the hand of a quane,
And sstrong at the grip; not a man in the land
Could brag of more musele,
Or bate in a tussle
Wid Paddy O'Flynn; and, troth, ye'll admire
The good clothes I'm wearin' now, Teddy McGuire!

Och, Teddy McGuire!
If ye sthay in the fire
There's no help at all but ye're sure to be roastin';
Lord love yez to-day
That yez dragged me away,
And chated the divil in spite of his boastin'.
Let him rage if he plaze!
I'll not barter me aise,
Nor burn up me soul for the thavish ould liar;
I've done wid the whisky-shops, Teddy McGuire.

Look, Teddy McGuire!
There's a church wid a shpire,
And beyant, a white house wid a terrace below;
Bay windows complate—
Now, isn't it nate,
Wid roses all round it beginnin to blow?
Wid a lawn in the sun
Where the childer can run,
An orchard behind it, a barn and a byre;
And that is me residence, Teddy McGuire!

Och, Teddy McGuire,
Make haste and come nigher;
There's me wife in the portico watchin' for me.
A swate Yankee girl,
Wid a heart like a pearl,
And a will of her own, as ye're likely to see.
Her father was mad
Whin I courted her, lad;
He'd give her no money, he swore in his ire,
But she loved me and married me, Teddy McGuire.

Thin, Teddy McGuire,
I was workin' for hire,
Wid a beautiful farm and a dairy to tend;
But the ould man relinted
And left us, continted,
A snug little fortune to kape us, me friend.
See the childer come out
Wid a rush and a shout—
The swate little cratures!—to welcome their sire
Wid laughter and kisses, dear Teddy McGuire.

Och, Teddy McGuire,
Me blood is on fire,
Me heart it is batin' like waves of the say;
So great is me bliss
To be spakin' like this,
And bringin' yez home to me darlin's this day,
Sure I think whin yez die,
All the angels will cry:
"Here's the man that saved Paddy O'Flynn mountin'
higher!
Make room for the swate soul of Teddy McGuire."

AMANDA T. JONES.

